

THE FIELD AFAR

LYONZKYRAM



VOL.—XXVI
NUMBER—4

APRIL
1932

Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

Subscription rates: one dollar (\$1.00) a year; five dollars (\$5.00) for six years; fifty dollars (\$50.00) for life.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y. as SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917; authorized Nov. 21, 1921.

Make checks and money orders payable to The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

For further information address:

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society,
Maryknoll, N. Y.



MARYKNOLL

CONTENTS

The Maryknoll Trail.....	99
Hakka Hills and Vales....	102
Home Knoll Notes.....	106
Beginnings of Maryknoll..	108
Editorials	110
The Passing of Paul Chu..	112
In the Wuchow Mission...	114
The Blind See (Story)....	118
With Our Sponsors.....	125
Backing Christ's Athletes..	126

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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For *Fr. Meyer and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Pingnam, Kwangsi, China

For *Msgr. Ford and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For *Priests in Manchuria*—Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchuria

For *Sisters of Manchuria*—Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchuria

For *Sisters in Hong Kong*—Maryknoll Convent, 103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong

Korea—

For *Msgr. Morris and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Peng Yang, Korea

For *Sisters*—Maryknoll Convent, Catholic Mission, Yeng You, Korea

Philippine Islands—

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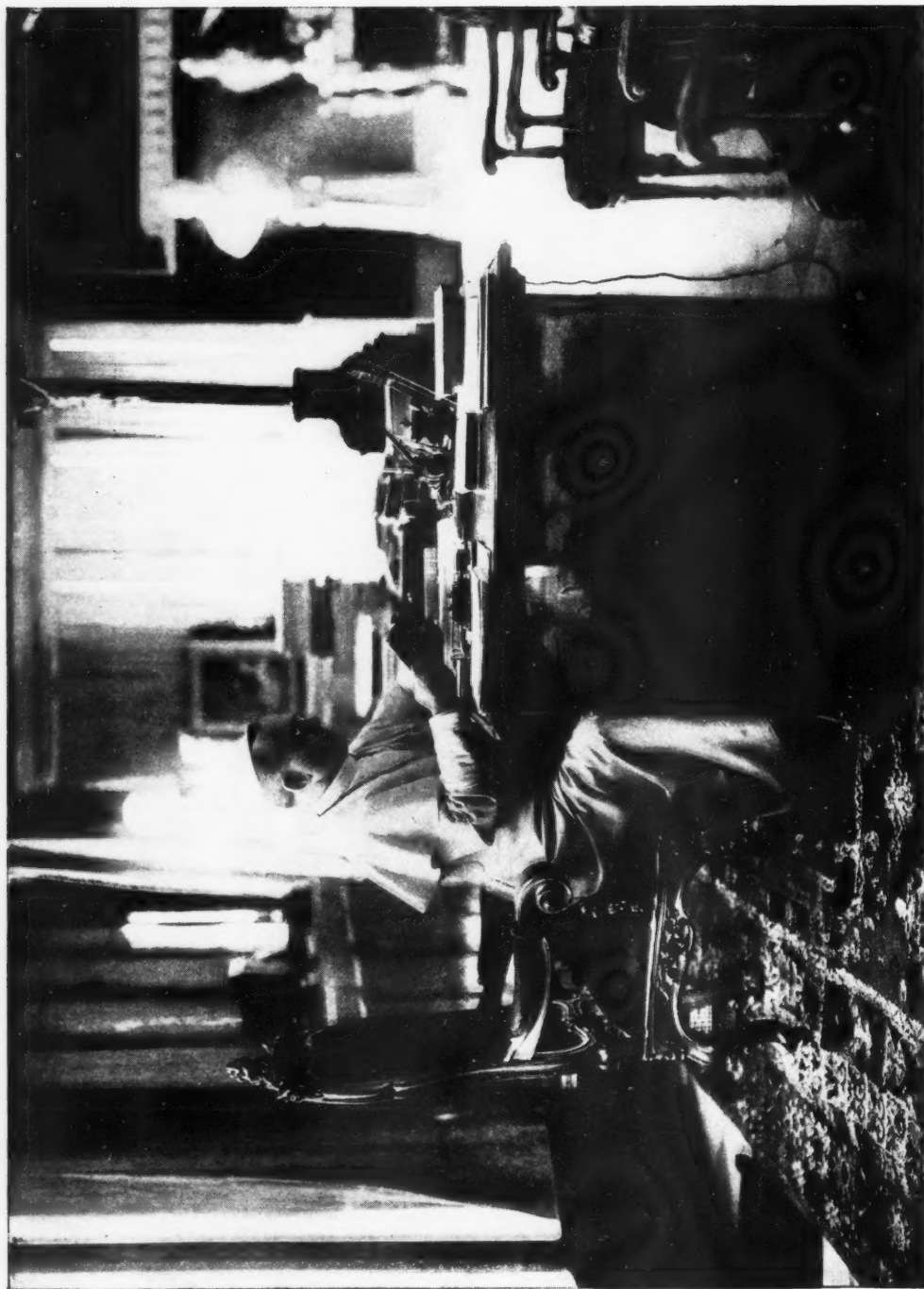
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HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI, THE "POPE OF THE MISSIONS"

After pondering on the fact that the pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace in our spirit (2 Cor. 13, 11), and We seem to hear sounding in our ears, "Cry; cease not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet (Isaiah)."
—From the Encyclical, "*Rerum Ecclesiae*"



THE FIELD AFAR

APRIL, 1932



ALONG THE MARYKNOLL MISSION TRAIL

FR. McDERMOTT GETS ACQUAINTED WITH MARYKNOLL-IN-KOCHOW

Kochow—
(Kongmoon Vicariate)

IT did not take me long to settle down here. I have a room to myself; and, when I had hung up my clothes, unpacked my books, and put a few pictures on the walls, I was ready to start work.

Every few days the pastor, Fr. Paschang, mounts his horse and is off to the country fair. The Christians warn him to be careful, as the sun is dangerous during the hot season. Fr. Paschang knows that, he has been in China for ten years; but he likes to go to the fair.

At the fair he gathers the pagans around him, which is not hard to do. Seldom indeed have they seen a "foreign devil", and they marvel to hear this one speak to them in their own tongue. He tells them briefly of the Catholic Church, and why he has come to China. Then he opens his kit, and dispenses medical aid to all who need it.

And so the good work is carried on. The sick are ministered to, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

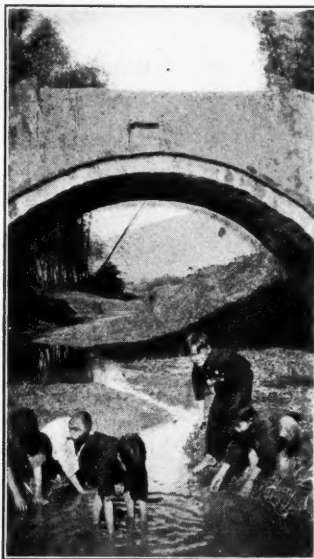
Our people at Kochow have become members of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. In China, the yearly membership fee is eighty cents for an adult, and four cents for a child.

Not much, you think? But, when you consider that the average workman in these parts receives less than ten dollars pay a month, you will see that the eighty cents represents a very real sacrifice for the Faith.

FATHER MEYER AMONG CHINESE NEOPHYTES

Pingnam—
(Wuchow Prefecture Apostolic)

TODAY is my first visit to a large village where eighty persons have recently enrolled as catechumens. I am taking in the catechumens myself in order to get a line on their character, family training, and so forth, while they, on their part, are thus enabled to become acquainted with the priest. In



CHINESE SEMINARIANS OF MSGR. FORD'S FIELD IN SOUTH CHINA EXPLORE THE BED OF A STREAM. THE MISSION HAS OVER THIRTY OF THESE FUTURE PRIESTS

some villages one finds thrift, industry, and strict morals, while in others shiftlessness and lack of discipline are quite apparent.

A big factor in getting people interested has been schools, student aid for poor boys seeking an education, and so forth. The final impulse is usually supplied by the recommendation of

some relative or friend who introduces them to the missionary.

Not all have the supernatural faith of conviction which is required for Baptism. Many have it to a certain extent, but largely negative, since they have become convinced of the falsity of superstition, but their notion of what it means to worship God is likely to be vague. Sometimes people have enrolled as catechumens without realizing that they must give up superstition, and then there has been a struggle to convince them, with victory sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other.

Some new Christians have false expectations; as pagans they went to their gods in case of sickness among men or animals, bad crops, and so forth. They admit that their gods were unable to protect them—but seem to think that an omnipotent God should see to it that they are kept from these things after Baptism.

If, shortly after Baptism, some misfortune such as a serious temporal loss, a death in the family, or even sickness should befall them, the pagans around are sure to do their best to have them turn to the gods. Sometimes they are told, "It is obvious that you are being punished for leaving the faith of your ancestors", or, "At least it won't do any harm to burn these joss sticks, consult this medium, or use these charms". Some poor people, especially if there is no catechist nearby to encourage them, succumb to the temptation.

MONSIGNOR MORRIS RECEIVES WORD OF THE "KOREAN TRAMP GRANNY'S" LAST JOURNEY

Saiho—
(Korean Mission)

WANG MARIA was a unique, interesting character. The only one of her family a Christian, she lived to a ripe old age. She was bent, wrinkled, and wobbly under the weight of years; but by the aid of an improvised walking stick made her way from one rectory to another, for all the priests were her friends.

She had a habit of collecting testi-

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cents a week will accom-
plish this), secures a paid
up Maryknoll insurance
of the spiritual order—
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SACRED HEART OF JESUS, THY KINGDOM COME IN THE ORIENT!

monial letters, which she unfailingly carried about hidden in the mysterious folds of her skirts. One of these letters was twenty years old. The reason of Maria's habit was her desire to receive the Sacraments. The mission Church of Korea requires that a Christian passing from one "parish" to another must have a testimonial letter in order to be admitted to the Sacraments. No matter where Wang Maria journeyed—and she was constantly tramping around—she always arranged to be near a church on Sundays and feast days.

One very cold day last winter, I happened to meet my aged friend picking her way along a snow-covered, slippery road, heading for the place where I was expected for the semi-annual visitation. As her head was wrapped in a small bale of cotton, and her dimensions increased to double her normal size by variegated clothes donated by charitable folks along her line of march, I did not for the moment recognize her. All doubt vanished, however, as soon as I saw her face; I have never beheld its like for roguishness beyond the circle of my Irish acquaintances.

I feared she might be frozen along the way, so I invited her as my special guest during our day's halt at Ter Nam Nee. She must have considered my invitation a standing one, because for four days our itinerary coincided, and, though we passed her on the road, old Mary managed to arrive in time for the late evening meal at the several succeeding stops. Those were gala days for my homeless friend; and I was glad to lend my patronage to her in this form, since she refused to stay put in our Old Folks' Home.

Maria had another distinctive habit, a mania for collecting medals. She carried so many about with her that a peculiar jingle announced her approach, and occasionally gave warning when the poor old soul was about to intrude at some unseemly hour.

Once, while I was entertaining several priest friends, the familiar medal jingle suddenly sounded the alarm. All of us pretended to have fallen asleep where we sat. Old Mary entered, scrutinized each one attentively for a while, and then quietly withdrew, heaving a

sigh of sympathy for the tired clergy. You may be sure she returned later for another medal and the usual alms, as well as a warm supper and a place to lay her head for the night.

I had not seen her for a few weeks, when word was passed around that our old friend had died.

She had fallen ill during a cold wave, but had continued to tramp from place to place. She finally dropped by the



FR. PAUL KANG, THE SECOND NATIVE PRIEST TO BE ORDAINED FOR MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA

Msgr. Morris writes of Fr. Kang, "He is a fine type of priest, intelligent, humble, and zealous. There is no doubt that his ordination means the conversion of many, many of his countrymen from devil service and ancestor worship."

wayside, and was found and cared for by a Good Samaritan, a non-Catholic.

When he learned from neighbors that the old lady was a Catholic, the kind host informed our catechist in that sector. The catechist had the dying woman brought to his home, where

she passed to her Lord amid the Christian atmosphere of prayer and surrounded by the symbols of the Faith that was her chief consolation in life. May we meet our "Korean Granny" in heaven.



IN BRIEF

OUR grateful acknowledgment goes to *The Catholic Transcript* for a blush-inducing tribute to the Maryknoll Movement as traced in recent issues of *THE FIELD AFAR*.

The American Branch of the *Holy Childhood Association* reports generous grants to three of the Maryknoll Missions, those of Bishop Walsh (Kongmoon, China), Msgr. Ford (Kaying, China), and Msgr. Morris (Peng Yang, Korea).

Father Taggart, whose precious remains lie in Yeungkong, China, is not forgotten in Greenpoint.

Two busloads of choir and altar boys from the parish of Msgr. McGolrick spent a happy day at the Knoll. They were accompanied by Fr. McLaughlin.

The mission-interest of Pope Pius XI is unabating, notwithstanding the pressure of ever accumulating problems.

An instance of it was revealed when His Excellency, Archbishop Salotti, Secretary General of the Congregation of Propaganda, conceived the idea of a radio mission message from the Vatican Station.

The Archbishop's intention was to reach only Italy; but when the plan was presented to Pius XI His Holiness replied, *But why only Italy, would it not be better to broadcast it to the world?*

Archbishop Salotti, well satisfied, withdrew to prepare the manuscript, which Pius XI read,

TWO FOR FIVE

Each is worth five dollars alone, according to usual book store values. But you may have the two for five. See page 128.

and actually had the Archbishop rehearse as if standing before the radio.

These are the days when our annuitants "keep smiling". One writes:

I have never regretted that step. I am so happy to have the interest coming to me twice a year; I depend very much on it. It certainly was a good investment for me.

The formation of the *Liturgical Arts Society* reminds us that the Catholic Church of America is well out of its missionary status.

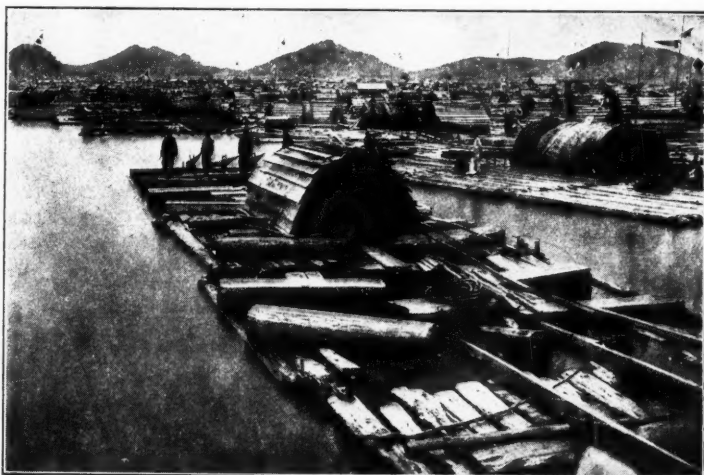
The new Society is made up largely of laymen, whose single purpose is to make live the finest traditions of Church worship.

Under the caption—*Maryknoll asks Colorado's Aid*—the *Denver Register* printed the following item—which closed with a request that donations be sent to the Diocesan Mission office:

The necessity of raising seven hundred dollars a year, including Mass stipends, for each of one hundred missionaries in the foreign fields is proving an oppressive burden to Maryknoll, the American Catholic Foreign Mission Society. The Superior General of the Maryknoll Fathers, in a letter to the Rev. F. Gregory Smith, diocesan director of the Home and Foreign Mission Society, suggested that the Denver mission office sponsor yearly one of the Maryknoll missionaries at a dollar a day for the next five years, until the overpowering debt on the home plants can be reduced.

There is no fund in the Diocesan Mission Society from which one cent can be withdrawn in response to Father Walsh's plea. If Denver Catholics are to share in Maryknoll's missionary work, it must be by means of designated gifts, which will be forwarded without delay by the Diocesan Mission office.

Twenty years ago, when Maryknoll was established as America's first foreign mission seminary, knowing critics said the movement was doomed because the luxury-loving Americans would never be willing to go to the foreign mis-



LUMBER RAFTS ON THE YALU RIVER, AT ANTUNG

The lumber is floated down the river some two hundred miles, and most of it is cut from forests lying in the newly erected Maryknoll Prefecture Apostolic of Fushun, Manchuria

sions. They predicted that the movement would meet with a ready response financially, but would fail for want of personal volunteers. Today, with one hundred missionaries actually in the field, two hundred and fifty students being

trained for the work, and a community of nuns numbering four hundred as auxiliaries, the cry is not so much for vocations as for material aid to support those who have already made the sacrifice.



STONE BREAKERS AND VARIOUS STYLES IN MILLINERY IN THE CITY OF WUCHOW, ECCLESIASTICAL AND COMMERCIAL CENTER OF THE MARYKNOLL INDEPENDENT MISSION OF THAT NAME IN SOUTH CHINA
The greater number of stone crushers in China are of the "weaker sex"

HAS BEEN ESTIMATED AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY.

A Cavalcade Through Kaying Rice Fields

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll



An "outrider" of the mission cavalcade which accompanied the Maryknoll Superior General on his journey through the rice fields and green valleys of Msgr. Ford's Kaying Mission in South China



IN last month's issue of THE FIELD AFAR, the Maryknoll "Number One" sailed into Msgr. Ford's Kaying Mission on the muddy waters of a typical Chinese flood.

After visiting the Mission Center where he found, set amid the rice fields of South China, a creditable replica of the Maryknoll Preparatory College at Clarks Summit, Pa., he made his next objective Siao Lok, one of the strongest Catholic missions in the Chinese interior.

He traveled northwards to this stronghold of the Faith in a pagan land accompanied by eight Maryknollers on horseback and three riding bicycles—a larger number of American missionaries in that corner of the Kaying yeld than a score of years ago could have been found in the whole of the great land of China.

The following paragraphs describe the warm welcome of Siao

Lok's staunch Christians and of its pastor, Father Charles Hilbert, M.M., of Rochester, N. Y.

A Free Spectacle—

Our next and last visit in the Kaying Prefecture was to be to the mission of Fr. Hilbert at Siao Lok; and the way to get there was limited to a choice of walking, of riding a horse or bicycle, or of being carried in a chair. The journey would take a full day, with a sure chance of meeting floods.

Fr. Downs was to replace Msgr. Ford as my travel companion back to Hong Kong; and we were to be accompanied to Siao Lok by no fewer than ten of the missionaries, who, before scattering for their respective posts, wished to visit us at Siao Lok, and there let us pass another day all together.

Eight of the men were provided with horses—rather ponies—hardy little things that had cost each about twenty

dollars gold and are worth their weight in, at least, copper cash. Three had bicycles; and, after a considerable search and a long talk on a short price, a chair was found for the prodigal father.

Masses were early that morning of the start. The boys accompanied my chair along the rice dikes half a mile, at the end of which the cavalcade joined us, and with horsemen ahead and horsemen behind we gave a free spectacle to the villagers along the route. Gradually all the horses got ahead of my chair; and, as I saw the *défilé* on a short curve, I wondered if I was playing the part of an African potentate, or that of Buffalo Bill in a Wild West show.

The "Italian Villa"—

Towards noon, we halted at a restful spot overlooking a bend in the river, with rice fields and hills in the background.

Here were two inns, one of which our Maryknollers refer to as the *Italian Villa*. We entered, mounted a staircase, and found ourselves in a large loft—unfurnished except for a few board beds, some stools and a table, but unusually clean. It also had a veranda on which we could sit and watch the

DOES your future still hang in the balance? Decide it this spring. Ask God if He wants you for the foreign mission apostolate.

SUPPORT A MARYKNOLLER FOR

scenery while waiting for lunch.

The *Italian Villa* provided the place; a couple of Seminary baskets hung from a pole gave us food, to which were added rice and fixings from Villa No. 2. The owner of this Villa has an inclination to study the doctrine, after having been supplied by a passing missionary with reading matter.

Fishers of Men—

The alert missionary, alive to openings, will find on his travels many Chinese to ask him questions that may lead to gratifying spiritual results.

Occasionally he will meet coldness, and at times embarrassment; but as a rule, he will find his fellow-traveler approachable and receptive.

Nor may he hesitate to steer the subject of conversation to the one great motive that has called him from his homeland to live among a strange people. To overlook such opportunities of sowing the seed of the Gospel would mean the loss of good fruit. Even when there is little hope of conversion, an acquaintance with the *Shan Foo* (Spiritual Father) is helpful and prepares the ground for a later harvest. Souls! Souls! Souls!—this word rings constantly in the missionary's ear. The Holy Ghost will direct his actions and his words, so that his apostolic life will not be in vain.

Nearing Siao Lok—

Refreshed and rested, we left the *Italian Villa*, our half-way house, for Siao Lok. About ten miles from our destination, we were met by a messenger from Fr. Hilbert, whose anxiety that we should visit Siao Lok had induced him to send a man on the previous day all the way to Kaying (a twenty-six mile walk each way). The main road had been flooded, and Fr. Hilbert's messenger would assure us of proper guidance on another route. This we took for the last ten miles, finding it a little rough at times, but picturesque. Later we learned that it had been rarely used, because it was a favorite lurking place for the "Reds"—who were now happily scattered.

There were streams to cross, and the little horses provided occasional excitement by falling off one-plank bridges or climbing steep banks, but no harm eventuated; and, as the sun was set-



FR. JOSEPH M. MURPHY, M.M., OF MONTREAL, CANADA, A MISSIONER OF THE MARYKNOLL KAYING FIELD, DIRECTS BUILDING OPERATIONS. Fr. Murphy is showing his Chinese assistants how to lay steel reinforcement for concrete.

ting, we came in sight of Siao Lok.

The cavalcade had gone well ahead of the chair, and my bearers had begun to halt at every tea house. I left them at the last one to look at a small joss shrine, where Lady Idol's head was dangling on her plaster shoulder from a piece of wire.

When the bearers discovered that I had gone on they finished their tea and soon caught up to me, quite as anxious as I was to get to the objective that now loomed large on the horizon, with the cavalcade in formation and at halt, ready for the triumphal entry. I found escorts, small boys on bicycles and in



THE VISITOR WITH CATHOLIC SCHOOLBOYS WHO LIVE AT THE MARYKNOLL CHAPEL-RESIDENCE IN THE CITY OF KAYING. NATTY UNIFORMS HAVE REPLACED THE FORMER ROBES OF THE CHINESE SCHOOLBOY

AT LEAST ONE DAY THIS YEAR.

khaki, one of whom now took his place at my side and began a conversation in English. John Wong was his name, a bright youngster, who had been born in Singapore, where his father teaches English. John had returned with his grandfather to the ancestral home, so as to perfect himself in Chinese, and he expected to spend three or four years in the "old country".

As we chatted, John pointed out the Catholic compound at the edge of the village, while more boys arrived with flags. Fr. Ahern accompanied these, bringing along several German Dominican Fathers, who, chased by the Reds from their burned mission in Fukien, have been guests of this Maryknoll mission, occupying themselves in studying the language and helping out wherever possible.

When the grown-ups arrived and the firecracker salute began, Fr. Malone's borrowed pony reared high, its little feet coming perilously near my chair and almost upsetting the dignity of the occasion—as well as Fr. Malone himself, who landed on his feet, and boxed the ears of his bad-mannered beastling.

A Strong Mission—

Then, under Fr. Ahern's lively direction, the long line separated, the boys going over the rice dikes, their elders and ourselves direct to the village. We passed through the narrow streets before entering the church, into which almost a thousand people were crowded.

Fr. Hilbert, in surplice and attended by altar boys, received us at the door. He was beaming—and quite justified—as he presented this edifying spectacle of a thousand people to my astonished eyes. The mission of Siao Lok was brought to a successful stage of development under the French Fathers, and Fr. Hilbert is building well on a strong foundation.

Entering the church, we passed through files of young people, and while I sat in the sanctuary Fr. Hilbert spoke to his flock in Chinese. His talk was followed by an address in Latin from an excellent Chinese layman, who had once studied in the Seminary.

My own brief reply was then translated; and we had Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament—a German



A BAPTISM AT SIAO LOK

The privilege of making another heir of heaven in a pagan land is being given to Fr. Maurice Ahern, M.M., who hails from Chicago, Ill.

Brother presiding at the organ.

Before supper that night, and it was not long delayed, the cavalcade consumed all the boiled water on the premises.

It had been a warm day, a long journey, and waterless, except for hot tea.

Under similar conditions in the homeland, I should have been inclined to take only a sip or two of water, if it happened to be luke-warm; but here the simple reflection that it was not polluted cooled the draught, and made it a refreshing drink. Relativity always!

The Orchestra—

We sat on the veranda that night looking over the rice fields and slapping mosquitoes, whose bites were forgotten in the joy of reunion, and the people in the court below entered into the spirit of the occasion. In fact, they almost drowned our voices when they organized an orchestra around a large

AN offering of fifty dollars towards this work for God and souls will make you a Perpetual Maryknoll Associate. As such, you will be entitled to *The Field Afar* for life; and will enjoy many spiritual advantages, both in this world and hereafter.

table, and started a program that continued until eleven o'clock.

To our ears the sounds were neither inspiring nor sleep-producing, but evidently the people enjoyed them immensely, fascinated as they crowded around to watch the lips and fingers of the players.

While the music was in progress, Fr. Hilbert brought me down and into the court; and for a time we shared with the artists the attention of the audience, grown-ups and youngsters approaching to express their delicate sentiments and to ask questions about my honorable country.

I finally got to bed, and at eleven o'clock (at the pastor's bidding, I afterwards learned) the orchestra ceased; not, however, without giving the roll of man-made thunder and a magnificent bang that should have frightened away the devils and mosquitoes that still hover over this land.

Noteworthy Experiences—

Masses next day began at five o'clock. Mine was at 6:30—a Solemn High Mass, with the German Brother at the organ, and a choir made up of priests and Chinese chanters.

The church was filled quite constantly during the Masses, and several hundred received Holy Communion.

The early hour gave an opportunity for the people living and working away from the village to return to their rice fields, and it left us a good space of time before departure, which had been set at eleven o'clock.

During this period, I went over the compound with Fr. Hilbert, and saw something of the immediate surroundings. Two experiences just here are worthy of special record—one was a gift tendered me by a poor Chinese woman, who insisted that I should take from her ten dollars and use it for "tea money" on my journey back to Hong Kong.

I did not refuse (the usual procedure my friends will admit); but I did feel embarrassed, the more so as I could only express my thanks with an ah! ah! ah!, and a bow.

May God reward that gift! It promises much for the future of the Kaying Prefecture, where I understand Catholics, who have the means, are generous.

The other experience was a visit to the house of a Chinese Catholic who resides in Singapore. His home adjoins the Church property, and is a very large, new building. Only one-third of it is occupied by the family; the other two-thirds being apparently designed to let the neighbors know that the owner, who "went foreign", has made a "nice little pile".

Fr. Hilbert hears occasionally from this absentee parishioner, and probably hopes that some day the parish will be in a position to attach the house. Fr. Hilbert can see many uses for it, and at present it excites his envy.

The Farewell Procession—

As we returned to the house the buglers were practicing their four notes, and there was much movement. Ten minutes later a single file half a mile long could be seen along the rice

dikes leading to the river, where our boat was waiting.

This boat was no crowded *Blue Bottle*, but an honest-to-goodness sampan, such as we had used on the West River when leaving Loting a few weeks before.

Two youngsters headed our procession, bearing wicker chairs from the Father's veranda. The German Dominicans were with the Maryknollers. Horses had been sent on to a point ten miles below, and their riders would be our sampan guests that far.

The "town turned out" to see us off—Catholics, pagans, men, women, children, dogs, hens, buffaloes, and pigs.

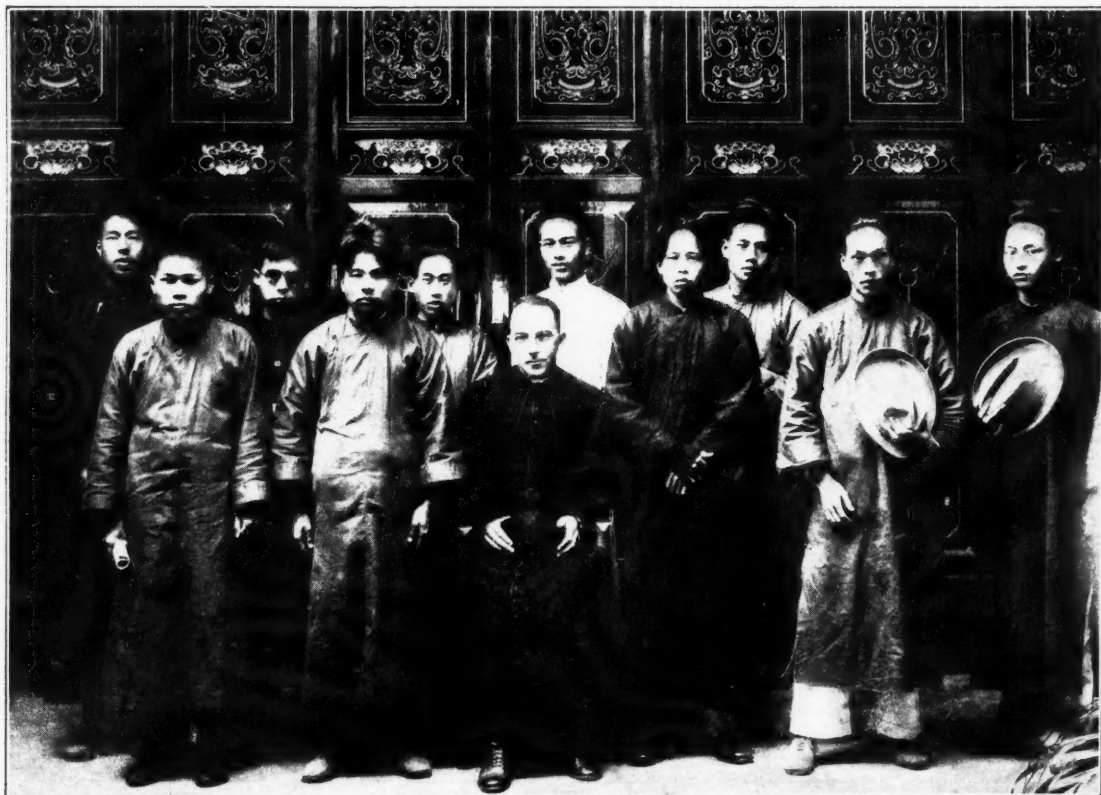
It was a glad occasion, and, as we floated away on the rapidly flowing river, thankful to have seen Siao Lok, we felt very close to the waiting group that waved silently to us from the bank.

We had a speedy trip back to Swatow. The river flow, combined with the efforts of six oarsmen, enabled us to reach Chung Kow in twelve hours. During that time we could sit comfortably on chairs, or stretch legs under the straw canopy of a clean boat, which we had to ourselves.

The missionaries found their ponies as arranged, and we parted company. Fr. Downs, Fr. Hon (our Chinese priest), Sin Pak and myself continued the journey. Night fell, but we had passed all dangerous rapids; and, besides, the moon was out.

Before nine o'clock we were tucked against a bank, and only a short distance from the *Blue Bottle* that would take us the next day to Chow Chow Foo, en route to Swatow and Hong Kong.

(To be continued.)



A GROUP ATTENDING MSGR. FORD'S SCHOOL FOR CATECHISTS AT KAYING. THE LECTURES WERE GIVEN BY MSGR. FORD AND TWO CHINESE GRADUATES OF THE JESUIT NORMAL SCHOOL IN SHANGHAI. The one year course averages \$30 for each catechist-student. In the background is the entrance to the Seminary chapel

IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

April Days On Our Home Hilltop



HER name? It does not matter. Almost from the start of this enterprise for souls, the little lady has trudged over the hills a couple of miles to assist at Sunday Mass in our Seminary chapel.

She looks hardly older now than she did twenty years ago; and she rarely, if ever, is compelled by illness to stay away. Her Mass brings her back to her native Italy; and occasionally, as she passes through the corridors, she finds an opportunity to exchange greetings in the language she loves and knows best.

Visitors—

LAST month the entries in our guest book included some well-known names, among which were those of Msgr. John J. Hunt, Diocesan Propagation of the Faith Director in Detroit; Fr. Bradley, C. S. P., whose work in San Francisco for the Chinese is widely known; and Fr. Lalley, of Des Moines, classmate of several pioneer Maryknollers.

Maryknoll Movement—

THE Maryknoll Movement has been nation-wide and world-wide of late.

Fr. Considine has been covering mission lands in Asia, with a prospect of "seeing Africa" before he returns to Rome, where he has been occupied with the *Fides News Service* as well as with the Maryknoll Procure.

Fr. Davis has returned for special treatment after the amputation of his leg. He came by way of Japan and Honolulu, and was met at San Francisco by his father, a Scranton physician. Fr. Davis was accompanied by Fr. LePrelle, whose "decennial" year has been anticipated because of recent illness.

Fr. Murrett "jumped" from Seattle to Denver for a series of



THE LITTLE LADY FROM ITALY WHO FOR ALMOST A SCORE OF YEARS HAS TRUDGED OVER THE HILLS TO ATTEND SUNDAY MASS IN OUR SEMINARY CHAPEL

mission talks, requested by Fr. Gregory Smith of the *Propagation of the Faith Society*.

Fr. Keller has been "shuttling" between New York and Boston, with a side trip to the Middle West.

And the Maryknoll "Number One"—Father General—while watching the home-base, has managed to cover Montreal, Indianapolis, Peoria, Chicago (in passage), St. Paul, Detroit, Baltimore, and Washington.

An Interesting Foundation—

FR. WALSH'S Mid-West trip included a visit to the Newman Foundation at the Illinois State University.

While on the Pacific Ocean last year, our Superior General, traveling with the Archbishop of Manila, met Dr. David Kinley, ex-President of the State University of Illinois, and through him learned much of the work which Fr. John A. O'Brien has been doing for Catholic students in Urbana, where the University is lo-

cated.

At Fr. O'Brien's request, Fr. Walsh visited the Foundation, and addressed the students. He reported interesting figures—an attendance of at least eleven hundred students at the Sunday Masses, and an average daily attendance of one hundred. The Foundation houses and boards three hundred and fifty students, and is equipped with a reception hall and classrooms for credit lectures on religion.

Many students from the Orient attend this University, and Fr. O'Brien hopes gradually to interest them.

A New Archbishop—

FROM Urbana, Fr. Walsh went to Peoria and then to St. Paul, for the installation of its new Archbishop, the Most Reverend John Gregory Murray.

To the late Archbishop of St. Paul, the Most Reverend Austin Dowling, Maryknoll owes much for inspiration, counsel, and material aid.

We are privileged in having in his successor a friend, Archbishop Murray, whose unconcealed admiration of his predecessor reflects his own fine qualities, and who for many years has shown a kindly interest in Maryknoll.

Our View—

WOULD you believe it—that four and thirty miles away we can now distinguish (weather permitting) the Empire State Building, as it towers above the metropolis? We have never been able to distinguish the Honorable Alfred Smith instructing his guests on the topmost tower, but we have a hope that some day he will discern Maryknoll on his horizon and come up for instruction himself.

Which reminds us that the popular ex-Governor was an interested spectator and auditor at the New York Cathedral on Mission

Sunday when Bishop Dunn's juniors, boys and girls, appeared in the religious garbs of many Orders, and Father Gillis, the well-known Paulist, preached.

In the Free (?) Class—

WATER may flow so freely from your faucets and its cost may be so low that you put it with air in the free class. The Maryknoll Center was never free from great anxiety on the water question, until it arranged with the local public service to be helped out if necessary.

The cost, however (forty-five cents for 750 gallons), was prohibitive, presumably because the local supply was inadequate. At all events we were *driven to drive*. And we have sunk two

wells in spite of the depression, or better, because of it. After all "depression" and "sinking" are companionable terms.

Cheerograms

THE enclosed money order represents my first week's pay after being unemployed for eight years because of illness.

I have followed the progress of Maryknoll since the beginning, and have the greatest admiration for the work you are doing.

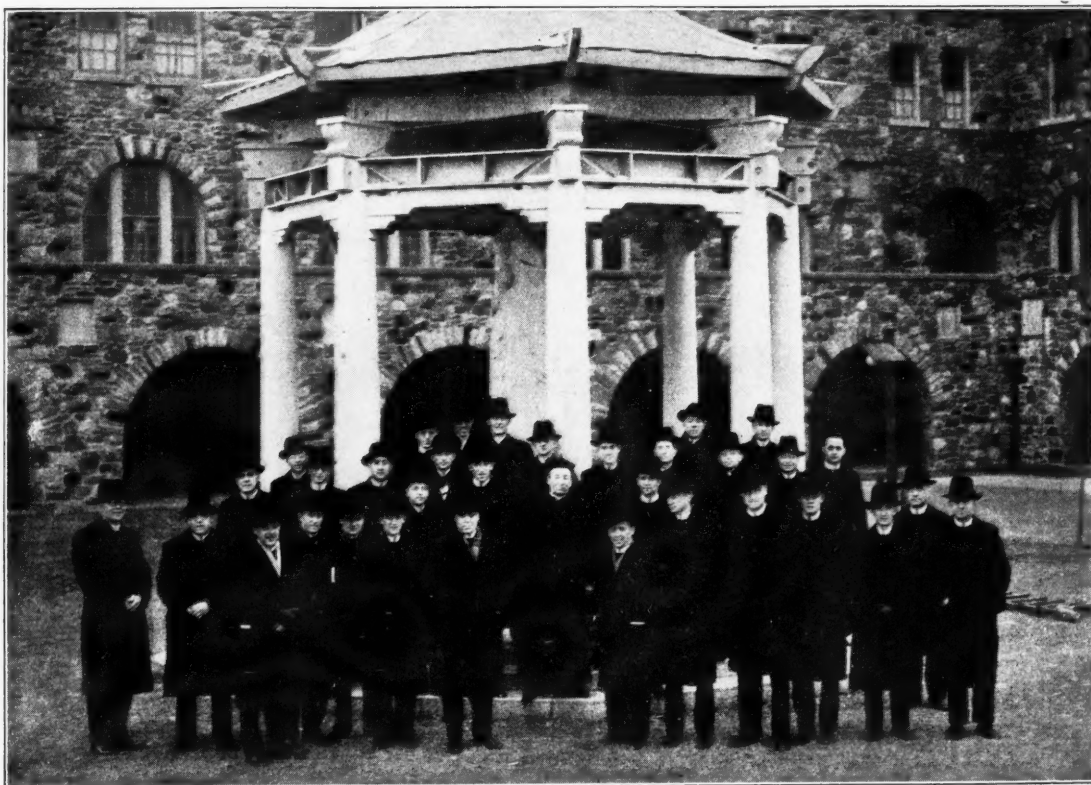
I wish you would give this money order to your most poverty stricken mission; but, as you know better than I where to apply it, I will leave the matter in your hands.—*Walham, Mass.*

When I look at the pictures in **THE**

FIELD AFAR of the boys with whom I studied at college, and see the signs of toil and labor in their patient faces, I have to pause and ask myself, "Am I spending myself for Christ and the extension of His Kingdom?" Hence the enclosed check.—*Reverend Friend, New York City.*

It is hardly fair the advantage you take with that, "Play host to Our Lord for a dollar a day." You should see how unfair it is; one thousand dollars, or perhaps a million, but not one dollar, please Father! It makes us, well, something less than we would like to think ourselves.

You see, Empress Eugénie hats can be had for \$1.85, and bridge luncheons for a trifle less, and then, "Our Lord for a dollar a day!"—*Lafayette, Ind.*



LAST WINTER A GROUP OF TEACHING BROTHERS PASSED A HAPPY DAY WITH THE PRIESTS, STUDENTS, AND BROTHERS AT MARYKNOLL. IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP IS THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR GENERAL. In the background is the rear of the statue of Our Lady of Maryknoll. The pagoda over the statue was built by our Bro. Albert Staubli, of Switzerland, who has labored for a decade in South China

EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

The Maryknoll Project Is Taken To Rome

Continuation of a stenographic report of "talks" given to the Sisters' Crusade Unit of Maryknoll, by the Superior General



PREVIOUS issues of THE FIELD AFAR have recalled the beginnings of our magazine and of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society up to the time where we now find the founders of the American institute, Father Price and Father Walsh, seeking approval of their project in the Center of Christendom.

The following account gives interesting glimpses of a distinguished ecclesiastical leader.

San Silvestro—

Fr. Price and I were finally settled in comparatively quiet rooms at San Silvestro in Capite, where we remained for the greater part of a month, prepared if necessary to stay much longer.

With us in the house were several other American priests, all busy in view of examinations for degrees. Among them were the late Monsignor Lucas of Scranton, and the late Fr. Louis O'Hern (Paulist), brother of the present Bishop of Rochester. We enjoyed their company but rarely met them except at table.

The Church of San Silvestro was a comfort in those days. It was well set in from the noisy square, cool—as European churches are, even in summer—and devotional.

I became attached to the numerous marble cherubs that feature San Silvestro. An American artist, on my first visit to Rome in 1903, had pointed out to me the beauties of these Roman cherubs (kiddies he called them), with an affectionate regard that was paternal, if a trifle familiar.

We were soon at home in San Silvestro, and ready for action.

Cardinal Laurenti—

Our first official call was in the Piazza di Spagna, at "Propaganda", a gloomy structure, whose high ceiling and broad stone steps rather awed us. We were received by the Secretary of the Congregation, Monsignor Laurenti, now Cardinal; and we were much re-



AT THE CENTER OF CHRISTENDOM

On the spot now marked by the fountain, St. Peter, the first Vicar of Christ, suffered martyrdom

lieved when he spoke to us in English.

Monsignor Laurenti read our letters, and looked over the outline of our plan for organization. Evidently interested

WILL THOUGHTS

¶Most people have the intention of making a will, but keep putting it off—

¶After death, the LAW steps in, and dictates how the property shall be divided—

¶If there are no legal heirs, it goes to the State—

¶Those who are incapable of making a will are:

(a) Children under eighteen years of age.

(b) Idiots, and persons of unsound mind, memory, and understanding—

¶A will should have two witnesses to the testator's signature. They should not only sign their names, but should also affix their places of residence—

¶Etc., etc. In other words, have a lawyer draw up your will, and thus be on the safe side.

(as he has been ever since), he spoke at length of the need in the United States of such an institute as we were proposing, and he emphasized the special advantage in Asia of English-speaking missionaries, who would draw attention to the catholicity of the Church.

Monsignor Laurenti expressed his opinion that there would be no great difficulty in securing authorization, and hoped that there would be no undue delay. Many things would have to be considered, however; the plan of organization, means of support, possible fields, and the attitude of missionary bishops towards our co-operation.

The last mentioned consideration was for us a new idea. It should be remarked that twenty years ago, in certain sectors of the mission world, the only kind of help thought of as coming from America was alms, spiritual or temporal. Missioners were being trained in the various countries of Europe, and vocations were numerous and increasing. The idea of American mission vocations was hardly entertained; and objections would be made to the effect that Americans could not endure the necessary hardships, that they would require more support than the average European missionary would need, and that the all-too-slender resources of the men already on the field would be diminished.

Monsignor Laurenti merely hinted at these objections, and promised to consult shortly with Cardinal Gotti. We went out of Propaganda that morning satisfied that we were getting somewhere, and reported the details of our visit to Dr. Schut. Dr. Schut, who to-day is a matured professor at Mill Hill, was then acting as the Procurator of his Society, and following a post-graduate course in Rome. He had been in Rome several years, and was well acquainted with procedure.

A Generous Guide—

Generous with his time, Dr. Schut helped us to prepare documents, guided us to the apartments of members of the Congregation of Propaganda, and interpreted for us when necessary.

IS YOUR FUTURE STILL UNDECIDED?

I recall one evening during our stay in Rome when we went with him to visit the late Cardinal Rampolla, of whom the world talked much in those days. His Eminence immediately recognized Dr. Schut as having come before him in examination, and twitted him pleasantly about some statement made on that occasion.

We were, then, in good hands; and within a few days were ready for our first interview with Cardinal Gotti.

Expectations—

We drew up a special program for that interview. Our plan was to present our letters from the Apostolic Delegate and Cardinal Gibbons, with one which Cardinal Gibbons had written to the Archbishops of this country. We thought also to offer a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Archbishops at Washington.

We would then give our idea of organization; state that we wished to be a Society of secular priests; that there were only two interested at the present time, Father Price and myself; and that we would in any event limit a Council to four or five.

We knew that we should be expected to give some assurance of financial support; and, as a matter of fact, we had very little. However, there were at that time certain hopes on which we had been leaning.

A few months before, an old pastor in the Springfield diocese had died, leaving ten thousand dollars to be devoted to the education of American priests for the foreign missions. This priest had once told me that, if I would start a foreign mission seminary, he would give me ten thousand dollars. He passed to God before the way was clear for such a foundation; but, as noted, left the full amount in his will; specifying its purpose and requesting that I should be consulted about its disposal. The ten thousand went elsewhere, but the will was clear enough to add strength to our petition.

There were certain other assurances (rather, expectations), among them the *McCaddin-McQuirk Foundation for Sacerdotal Education*. But this, too, failed us in those early days; because its help was conditioned on the assignment of candidates to specified dioceses, vicariates, or prefectures, and we had

none of our own.

I had a few hundred dollars which I was carrying with me to meet travel expenses; and Fr. Price had a check book which presupposed a balance, but I doubt if it was more than three figures on the left of the decimal point.

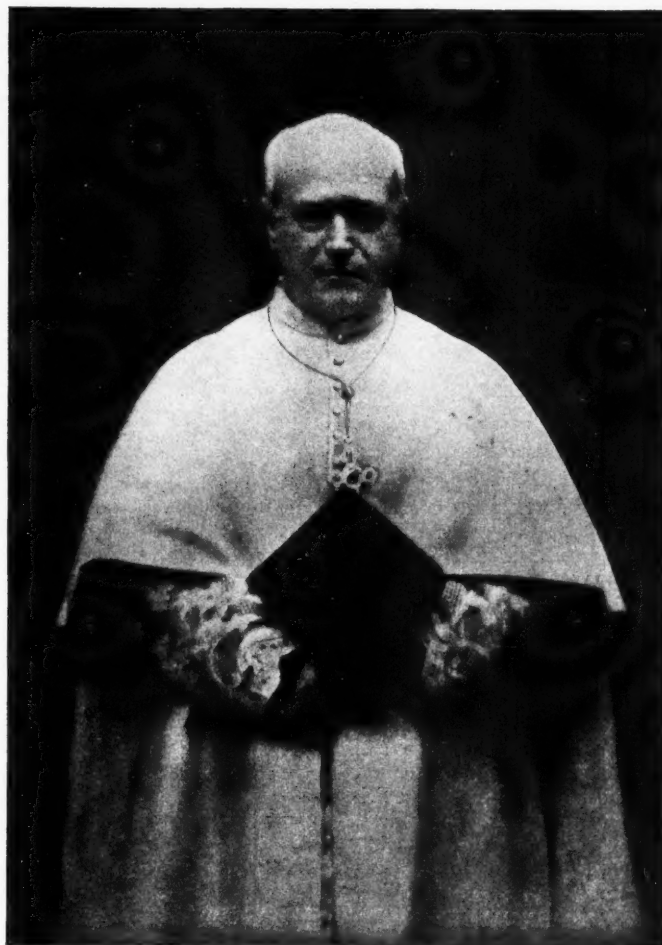
Some priest-friends had promised help to each of us, but promises are not "cash in hand".

There were other possible sources of income that heartened us, but could hardly be offered as "security". Fr.

Price still owned *Truth*, and it should prove an asset; and I practically owned *THE FIELD AFAR*, which from the beginning had been placed on an independent basis. I had an idea, too, that, with the American Hierarchy sponsoring our cause, Diocesan Mission Aid Societies in our own country would give us special backing from time to time.

We were prepared, therefore, to meet questions on income with hope rather than with positive assurance.

(To be continued.)



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GOTTI, PREFECT OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF PROPAGANDA, IN 1911, WHEN THE MARY-KNOLL FOUNDERS JOURNEYED TO ROME SEEKING THE APPROVAL OF THE CHURCH FOR THEIR MISSION PROJECT

ASK GOD IF HE WANTS YOU FOR THE FIELDS AFAR.

THE FIELD AFAR

*Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).*

*Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
Advertising rates sent on application.*

Make all checks and money orders payable to

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Maryknoll, N. Y.

*Single subscription.....\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
at the rate of eighty cents a year).*

*Six years' subscription.....\$5.00
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with all subscriptions.)*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

WE expect to send ten more priests to the Orient this year; and, although times have been hard in many ways here and abroad, we are confident that friends will be found to provide the travel expenses of our Christ-bearers.

And I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

FUSHUN—*Prefecture Apostolic.* A cable from Rome carried the above message, and soon afterwards the formal document arrived, placing upon Maryknoll the full responsibility, under Rome, of a fifth mission field.

Maryknoll priests have been in the Fushun sector for several years, and have had their own Society Superior—Fr. Lane first, and Fr. McCormack replacing him after his election to the General Council of his Society; but until now the Maryknollers have been under the spiritual jurisdiction of Bishop Blois of Mukden.

In leaving the Mukden Vicariate, we realize that for each of the five Maryknoll Missions (four in China, and one in Korea) it

SONG OF THE FOOL

I

REJOICING in my folly,
While worldlings wisely nod,
I seek with foolish, eager feet
The Way which Christ hath trod
And, joyful in the midst of trials,
I am a fool for God.

II

I preach the folly of the Cross
In hamlets far and near,
Enticing men to folly's ways
And teaching all who hear
To trust the foolishness of God,
His folly to revere.
The riches which the prudent seek
Shall not be theirs for long.
For earthly life is very brief
And earthly prudence wrong;
And weak and foolish things, at length,
Confound the wise and strong.

III

A-wandering in sordid lanes,
I seek a priceless prize
Which folly ever cherisheth
And wisdom doth despise:
The souls of dying, pagan babes
As "Thieves of Paradise".

IV

I have not where to lay my head,
Yet, all the world is mine;
For all is Christ's and Christ, my All,
Benignly doth resign
Himself to me a guerdon of
My foolishness divine.
I hold Him in my trembling hands—
The Bread and Wine of Life—
And carry Him to foreign lands,
Where Satan's wiles are rife
And myriads of human souls
Are hazard in the strife.

V

Rejoicing in my folly,
While worldlings wisely nod,
I seek with foolish, eager feet,
The Way which Christ hath trod
And, joyful in the midst of trials,
I am a fool for God.

M. A. C., Loting, China.

was our privilege to arrange, under Propaganda, with a bishop of the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

From its start Maryknoll has been inspired and aided by representatives of this great Society, and the first European confrère to encourage the participation of Maryknoll priests in the task of converting the Far East was its

present Superior General, His Excellency, the revered Archbishop J. B. Marie de Guébriant.

Maryknoll will always be grateful to its elder brothers of the Paris Foreign Missions.

And I saw no temple therein. For the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof, and the Lamb.

OUR priests, in South China especially, have met with much kindness from American Protestant (Presbyterian) missionaries. We have already referred to the devoted care given in turn to our beloved Father McShane and Father Taggart.

In a recent letter Dr. Dobson, of the Presbyterian Mission in Yeungkong, writes:

As you say in the copy of THE FIELD AFAR which you so kindly forwarded me, the sad note is that Father Taggart is no longer with us. No one could have thought that such a strong, robust looking man would have been so suddenly called to the next life. I certainly miss his cordial company.

We went through quite a lot of troubles together. In one time of stress he said, "We must trust in God to bring us through this crisis," and I know he did trust in Him.

Should you communicate with the relatives of Father Taggart, please convey to them my appreciation of his fellowship and sincere regret that he had to be taken from our small circle.

And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it; and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.

WE of Maryknoll have appreciated the solicitude expressed by friends during the past winter for our material welfare. They are quite right in believing that—like so many others—we have had our test, with diminished and diminishing income. We could hardly expect it otherwise, but we have not found it necessary to

sit down on the curbstone and cry out our troubles to the passing throng, among whom are doubtless many worse off than ourselves.

After all, this is God's work. So we keep on, without fear for the future, confident that we shall find here and there Catholic-hearted men and women who can, and will sponsor our work.

And the nations shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honor into it.

THAT South China is no climate for Americans few will dispute. Greater than all the combined wear and tear of flood and field, Red and bandit is the toll taken in strength and energy by plain ordinary sickness.

Yet the lot of the sick missionary has not been enviable. All laid up and no place to go would describe his situation.

The new *Rest House* that is being made possible by the penetrating insight of a princely American benefactor will do more for mission work than almost any other possible contribution. It will keep alive the missionary upon whom it all depends.

Blessed are they that wash their robes in the Blood of the Lamb; that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in by the gates into the city.

READERS who welcome publications from Maryknoll will be interested to learn that Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon has written a short life of the late Father Daniel Leo McShane, of Columbus, Ind., one of the second group of Maryknoll missionaries to leave for China.

This life will make a profound impression on its readers, and will be a marked stimulus to the missionary spirit awakened in this country since the twentieth cen-

tury opened.

The book is not yet ready, but is in the printer's hands.

WE read that the Quigley Preparatory Seminary in Chicago has registered 361 boys in its first year class, making a total enroll-

IS CHINA WORTH SAVING?

What modern American apostles have experienced and accomplished, and what they hope for, in that distressful country, will prove interesting and valuable reading. See page 128.



RECOLLECT, O LOVE DIVINE, 'T WAS FOR THIS LOST SHEEP OF THINE THOU THY GLORY DIDST RESIGN. SATTEST WEARIED SEEKING ME, SUFFEREDST UPON THE TREE. LET NOT VAIN THY LABOR BE. JUDGE OF JUSTICE, HEAR MY PRAYER; SPARE ME, LORD, IN MERCY SPARE, ERE THE RECKONING DAY APPEAR
(DIES IRAE)

ment of 1,057 students.

Other preparatory seminaries also report an increase; most of the religious orders are receiving a satisfactory number of recruits; and comparatively few dioceses are today open to outside priests.

Surely the time has come when we, who have been helped by apostolic men from other lands, and have now rooted the Church in our soil, should in turn help foreign peoples—until they too can develop their native hierarchy and priesthood.

AND BE INDIFFERENT TO SOULS FOR WHOM HE DIED.

An American Christopher, and

By Fr. Hugh C. Craig, of Minneapolis, Minn., and



Fr. Walter Coleman, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Fr. Donald Chisholm, of Cambridge, Mass., are both now Maryknoll missionaries in Korea



RECENTLY word came that Paul Chu, a faithful Christian seventy-two years of age who lived in a valley a few miles north of Eunsan, was in need of the Last

Sacraments.

As the "boy" (servant) and I started out soon after Mass in the pouring rain, I thought of how inconvenient it was going to be to take off my shoes at each of the dozen flooded streamlets that would be tumbling across our path.

Since the Blessed Sacrament was with us, it would be necessary to hold the umbrella carefully.

A Christopher—

This problem, however, was solved at the first stream we came to. There, to avoid wading across, I went a little up the stream to a small irrigation dam, and tried to jump across the sluiceway. This I had often done before, but that morning my foot slipped; and down I went into the water, up to my waist. So, after that, I did not have to worry about taking off my shoes, but could wade right through.

As this was market day, I met many pagan acquaintances on their way into town. Usually on a rainy day you can travel far without meeting a single person, for, unless necessity drives him out, a Korean does not like to travel these slippery paths between the fields when the rain is falling, for his white cotton clothes soon become very soiled. Those who knew me all saluted me in the Korean manner by saying, "Where is the Father going?"

"I am going to Mo Sung Ni, to see Paul Chu."

"But Father cannot go there today, for the streams over in that direction are too high."

I thanked them for their solicitude, and passed on. Their fears were not ungrounded, for the farther we penetrated into the valley where Paul Chu lived the deeper the streams became and the swifter their current.

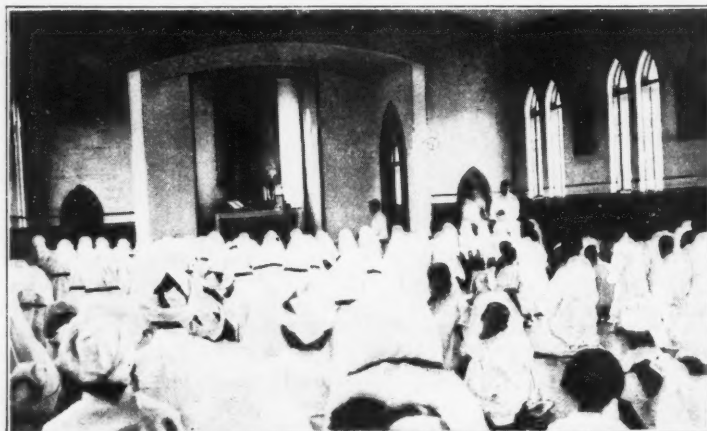
Paul's Last Journey—

However, I had the comfort of knowing that I was not making this trip in vain. For, some weeks before, I had heard that Paul Chu was unwell, and sent a message that I would be out the next day to bring him the Sacraments. But the next morning, when I came out of my house at 6:30, there was this old man of seventy-two years sitting in front of the church.

He said that he had not wished to cause the priest the trouble of coming all the way out to Mo Sung Ni. But he himself had left his village while it was yet dark. He looked so tired that I asked him, "Paul, if it had been one mile further, could you have reached here?" He chuckled and said, "Perhaps not, Father, but I will be all right after I receive Communion and eat some breakfast."

So, when word came in this time that Paul Chu wanted the priest to give him the Last Sacraments, I knew he was really dangerously ill.

Indeed, when I entered his house that



MASS IN THE SACRED HEART CHURCH, HIKEN, KOREA



WHERE THE "HERMIT KINGDOM" REMAINS UNTODAY

r, and the Passing of Paul Chu

apolis, Ind., Maryknoll pastor of Eunsan, Korea

morning, he was so weak he could not speak. Yet, when he saw my cassock was wet and red with clay, he grasped it, shook his head back and forth, and wept. He received his Viaticum most reverently; and, while I gave him Extreme Unction, the other Christians of Mo Sung Ni recited the Litany of the Saints.

Confessor of the Faith—

On the way home, I prayed that I might have as happy a death as Paul Chu.

He had been a Christian for over twenty years. At that time most of the people in his village had entered the Church, and a school was started. Some misunderstanding arose over the school; and all, except Paul Chu and his wife, went back to the worship of their ancestors. They did about everything they could think of to force Paul to take his part in the village ceremonies destined to ward off evil spirits and to honor ancestors.

Yet, in spite of all their petty perse-

cutions, Paul Chu and his wife remained faithful, and at least twice each year went to Eunsan to receive the Sacraments.

Paul's Hut a School—

It happened shortly after my coming to this district that a favorable impression was made upon the men of Paul's village on the occasion of the funeral of a well-to-do Catholic a few miles away, and several of them promised to study the doctrine and again be reconciled to the Church. A few weeks later I went out there and received a welcome, which for the most part was not very warm, yet everyone was most polite and even gracious. But they were not committing themselves, yet.

As I was leaving a house, a woman of about forty-five years of age came out of the women's quarters to salute me. She told me weeping that her father had been the head Christian of her native village, and that she had been confirmed by the bishop; but, soon after she had been married and had come to this village, her husband had left the Church, prevented her from going to the Sacraments, and she had had to take part in the pagan sacrifices. She was overjoyed that a priest had come to the village, and she hoped that her husband would soon again receive the Sacraments and allow her to practice her religion.

Yet souls often respond to grace very slowly, and it was only last fall that some of the men began again seriously to study the doctrine.



Fr. Coleman (on the right) and Bro. Joseph Donahue, of Jersey City, N. J., enjoy a quiet moment at the Saiho Central House, Korea

Then Paul Chu came to me with his characteristic chuckle and said, "Father, my house (it is a little mud-walled, straw-thatched place consisting of a kitchen and one other room) becomes a school every evening. The men come, bringing their boys, and for two or three hours we learn the catechism."

The lady catechist went out to teach the women and girls, and several were able to receive their Easter Communion for the first time in twenty years.

Apostates Return—

Some of the more stubborn, however, still refused to listen to the entreaties



"REMAINS UNTOUCHED BY MODERN PROGRESS"



FR. CRAIG VISITS AN OUTSTATION OF EUNSAN

of Paul Chu. But this morning I noticed several of these reciting the Litany of the Saints at Paul's bedside. So that is one of many reasons there was such a happy look on the face of this old Christian as he lay dying on the floor of his little mud hut, calmly saying in his heart his *Nunc dimittis*.

As I neared home on the way back, I had to cross a rather large stream, much swollen by the rains of the season. In crossing I found that the ford had been partly washed away, but I knew the stream at the point was not very deep. Yet, when I was in water about up to my waist, the current caught my cassock and dragged me under.

The Christian with me sent up a great shout at seeing me swept down stream. But the thought uppermost in my mind was how ludicrous I must have appeared holding my umbrella stubbornly up over me with one hand, while I struck out with my other arm.

I was soon out of the river and home—happy that I had some share in brightening the last hours of Paul Chu, who faithfully served His Master so long and under such difficult circumstances.

Fenwick Clubs in China

WHEN Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon was in this country in 1929 as a delegate to the General Chapter of Maryknoll, he visited Cincinnati, and saw its well-known Fenwick Club.

The Fenwick Club is for Catholics of the United States, a model hotel for men. It is the result of much labor and intelligent management. Recognized as a diocesan work, strongly encouraged by the Ordinary, it has secured the good will and material help of an appreciative laity.

The Fenwick accommodates two hundred and fifty guests, and contains ample drawing rooms, halls, a cafeteria, a dining room, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, and so forth. It is an institution of which Cincinnati may well be proud.

And now there comes from Bishop Walsh, along with some



A MISSION PRELATE TRAVELS IN STYLE

Msgr. Morris returns from a visit to outstations. Friends in Fall River, Mass., please note the latest in Korean sartorial effects

valuable information, a news note labelled *Fenwick Clubs in China*. Bishop Walsh writes:

"It is a fine mission, but its hospitality falls short."

This is a sentence frequently applied to Kongmoon by Chinese Christians—a damaging comment on any mission.

Missions in China are not only churches. One of their main roles is that of a hotel. It is a part of the system to accommodate passing Christians, whether of your own territory or from outside it, with food and lodging over the period of a reasonable stay.

If there is a mission in town, traveling Christians will invariably eschew the not too reputable inns, and seek out the church. This means that the "Lord of Heaven Hall" is not complete with chapel, rectory, convent, school, orphanage, and dispensary, but must add a sort of Fenwick Club or Knights of

Columbus Hall as one of its most important adjuncts.

Most missions start out with a building to answer this description. After the chapel itself, it is perhaps the most urgent need.

Kongmoon, however, has not been so fortunate. Being a Mission Center, the planning and the little money went naturally into the Central works. Seminary, novitiate, rectory, and chapel complete the present compound. The few employees sleep in the cellar.

As for the Christians—for whom it is all supposed to exist—there is no room for them in the inn.

Two thousand dollars would take away this reproach, and enable a harried bishop to fulfil the conditions of hospitality laid down for him by St. Paul.

A Mission Visitation With Fr. Meyer

By Fr. Francis D. MacRae, of Wakefield, Mass., Maryknoll missionary in South China



SHORT time ago, I was surprised to learn that Fr. Tennien, who had gone for a much needed vacation, would be prevented by the state of his health from returning at once to Jungyun,

and that I would be expected to carry on alone during his absence. Fr. Meyer had just come over from Pingnam, and readily consented to go out with me to visit the Christians and catechumens in the country, near the market town of Tsz Leung.

In fact, Fr. Meyer had been the first Maryknoller to visit that section, having several times come the long distance from Pingnam; and had succeeded in gaining a foothold. During these visits he had also come to Jungyun, about twenty-five miles from Tsz Leung, and set on foot the long negotiations which finally secured for us the present fine mission property here.

Fr. Meyer, as becomes a veteran, supervised the packing of the baskets, so that everything might be in readiness for Mass the next morning. He

THE ANNUITY PLAN

THE missionary builds for eternity. Do you?

The Maryknoll Annuity Plan provides you with income for time and eternity. Inquire.

told me that when he first began going out on trips it was not unusual for him to forget a cassock or alb, the altar cards, or even altar wine. It has even not been unheard of for a missionary to forget his chalice. If a newcomer is inclined to be forgetful, he is advised by the older missionaries to make up a list of the necessary articles, and check it off as he packs. It would be somewhat annoying to have walked twenty miles or so the first day, as we did, only to find that something essential for the Holy Sacrifice had been left behind.

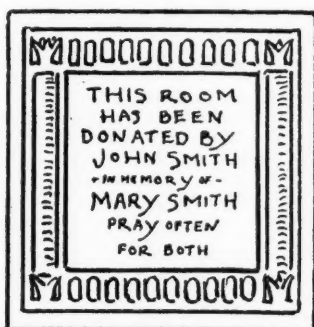
The first station we visited is composed of about forty catechumens who have been under instruction for some time, and they greeted us warmly. The catechist told us that many in the neighborhood were also interested, but a little hesitant, an attitude which is very common where the work is just beginning. It will take time for them to know us. The catechist has brought some of them to visit the Mission at Jungyun, and this has had a good effect.

The hot bucket-bath—the thing for a small flat—was most refreshing, particularly for aching feet. Following it came the evening meal, our second for the day.

About dark, the catechist began to ask, "Has everyone had his supper and evening bath yet?" No, some of the women and children were not quite ready, but as soon as they appeared night prayers were held—after which Fr. Meyer preached on certain of the more prevalent superstitious practices.

We had also brought along a miniature movie outfit, and the whole village enjoyed immensely the first movies they had ever seen. In addition to the life of Christ there were shown several short educational and comic films, the whole accompanied by a running commentary from Fr. Meyer.

The next morning Fr. Meyer again preached, and after Masses and breakfast we set out for Tsz Leung. At the ends of the narrow streets of the market, gates had been erected, and the soldiers on guard asked us to open our baggage for inspection. We made no claim to immunity on the ground of being foreigners, and, satisfied by our



Five hundred dollars will secure, in our Major Seminary, a memorial room for you or yours.

willingness, they made only a cursory examination.

It seems that the bandits are very active in this section, which is rather mountainous, and the local authorities are taking every precaution to prevent arms being smuggled into the town.

Our destination was the home of a very poor family on the outskirts of the town, in which lived eight Christians who had been baptized by Fr. Meyer.



AT JUNGYUN FR. MACRAE AND HIS CATECHIST, A KIU, WELCOME A LITTLE NEIGHBOR WHO IS STUDYING THE CATECHISM

WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

In the event of a bandit attack, there was not even a mud wall around the compound, nor a single native muzzle-loading gun to give the alarm, so Fr. Meyer and the catechist thought it best to spend the night in a shop within the well guarded barriers of the town. This plan was heartily approved by the local authorities, who were very nervous, since, if anything happened to us, they would be held responsible.

The next morning we went back to the home of the Christian for our Masses, and about nine o'clock set out on the return journey to Jungyun.

This visitation did not take long, but Fr. Meyer assures me that there is no reason why new stations should not be added each year. He gave Pingnam as an example. In January, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, he found twelve stations there; now it has been divided into two missions, Pingnam and To Pong, each of which has more than thirty stations.

Of course, the Church is well known at Pingnam, and has gained the confidence of the people; but, from our brief acquaintance with the people of

Jungyun, there seems to be no reason why a kind, devoted missionary with a staff of good catechists should not eventually achieve similarly satisfying results here.

The Perplexity of Miss Jane Baxter

MISS JANE BAXTER was worried, and the cause of her trouble was that elusive thing—the source of much evil and the means of much good—money.

It was not that Jane was without this commodity. In fact, she had always had enough to meet the necessities of life, and to enjoy occasionally some special creature comforts. Her family had been spoken of as "fairly well off". Her parents, now dead, had provided her with an education. She had finished a normal school course, and had taught for years in the local academy.

She had now resigned, so as to be freer in the use of her time, some of which she wished to give to certain charities that appealed to her.

After a real struggle with sentiment, she sold the old homestead, and added the proceeds to various savings bank accounts. Jane liked to look at those bank books occasionally, and to feel that on a rainy day she could be cozy. She might even satisfy her lifelong ambition to go over to Europe and live there for a while.

She was still under fifty, in good physical condition; and, except for the passage over and back, she could get along quite as cheaply as at home.

But the cost of passage would reduce her principal. Besides, she had only a narrow margin for expenses in case of illness; and her savings bank interest, though probably safe, was low. So she hesitated.

The next day she had business in town, and dropped in on an old friend of the family, to whom she confided her perplexity. He solved it without hesitation by advising her to take out an annuity in some large insurance company that would pay her during her life a generous interest.

Annuity! She had seen the word frequently in her FIELD AFAR, but the



BOTH THESE FRIENDS AT JUNG-YUN IN SOUTH CHINA CAME THERE FROM DISTANT LANDS. THE MISSIONER, FR. MACRAE, FROM WAKEFIELD, MASS., AND "BLACKIE" FROM RUSSIA

idea conveyed had always impressed her as being for some one else.

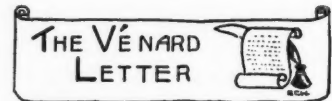
Now she was keen on the idea, and the insurance company plan appealed to her. However, she suddenly realized that to secure this higher interest she must pass over her principal to a hard-headed business concern, and her dream of leaving a substantial bequest to Maryknoll vanished.

Jane walked past the insurance office; and, going directly to her little apartment, turned the pages of her FIELD AFAR and found there the solution of her difficulty—a higher interest than she had been receiving, and the positive assurance that her desire to benefit Maryknoll could be fully gratified.

LIFE INSURANCE
HAVE you considered
making Maryknoll the
Alternate Beneficiary of
your Life Insurance?

Others have found this
a practical means of help-
ing the missions.

She took out an annuity, made her visit to Europe; and is happy today in the thought that while still living she has executed her will, and made sure of her charities.



SPRING fever—it is in the air. No one knows what it is, still everybody is sure of its existence. Some blame it on the south wind, and say that there is no remedy for it, even though sulphur and molasses are regularly dispensed at the onset of the disease.

But Johnny oftentimes would rather have the disease than any cure therefor. The Good Lord must have a reason for sending that affliction so regularly. In fact we can understand in a way how it happens. The winter sports are over. We have had indoor games for so long that they have become somewhat tiresome. And, besides, all nature is inviting us to come out. And when we go out, the field is too soft to play ball, the lake too cold for a swim, and besides one does not feel much like doing anything anyway—except perhaps watch the frogs splash in the pond or the birds hop about the grass.

In other words, Johnny has joined the class of dreamers. That might seem an opprobrious epithet, but the world needs its dreamers, especially when the dreamer is prompted by his vision to become a doer. Besides, do not all great deeds find their beginnings in leisure and quiet?

Columbus was a dreamer, so were Xavier, Théophane Vénard, and others whom we revere. The prophets were dreamers, and when the Holy Spirit was poured forth abundantly on the first Pentecost, the gift of dreams was one of its effusions. And did not God make some of His greatest revelations in dreams? "God is not in commotion."

Perhaps Johnny's dream is that the wild flowers opening to a new life are the souls of countless multitudes, which have been dead in sin and paganism, until the warm breath of the Holy Spirit and the freshening waters of

Baptism quickened them to a new life. And as he picks these flowers he may dream of the days to come, when he may harvest those souls in distant lands.

Yes, it is a dream, but not an idle one. It is a dream that comes from the heart, not a phantasy of the mind. May we have more such dreamers, whose hearts may conjure up such pictures for their minds. When they are roused from their reveries by the sense of the reality, they will become doers as well as dreamers.

Blossom Season At Los Altos

APRIL does not mean showers to Maryknoll at Los Altos, for the rainy season is over and hot weather has set in. The rain brought an unusual amount of blossoms this year, and Santa Clara valley never was more beautiful. A bumper crop is expected. Although we are surrounded by miles of orchards, we own nary a fruit tree. Several ranchers, hoping for blessings on their harvest, reserve a tree or two for us, and so plenty of fruit will be ours for the picking next July.

Others of our friends give us flowers. More than a thousand plants were received a few weeks ago. They will help to beautify part of our hilltop, but there will be much room for others.

While the students work with shovel and hoe, they can look across the floor of the great valley to Sunnyvale where the Navy recently established a base for the dirigible, *Akron*. From our vantage point we expect to provide free aerial entertainment for our visitors.

One organization in San Francisco purchased a set of vestments for us from the Maryknoll Sisters' *Holy Spirit School* in Kowloon; while another group sent us baseballs and canned goods. Such a varied list of gifts helps us to keep Old Man Overhead on his back.

Despite the depression and the consequent reduction of income, many pastors have continued to permit Maryknollers to speak in their churches in the interests of *THE FIELD AFAR*. This has meant much to our Society. The priests at Los Altos always have tried to show their appreciation by assisting

WE urge our friends to take out and keep up membership in the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

They will receive great spiritual advantages, and will have the satisfaction of helping all—while loving Maryknoll none the less.

neighboring pastors whenever possible. During the recent Lenten season, Maryknollers preached courses of sermons at churches in San Francisco, San Jose, and San Pedro.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Oblates' Hundred and One Years—

By Grace H. Sherwood. This is not merely one more history of a religious community of the Catholic Church; it is the story of a unique religious society, the first community of colored women in the world. More than that, it is the history of a first class school for colored girls, established in Maryland over a hundred years ago and still in existence. A book for all interested in genuine history. Published by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Single copy, \$2.50.

One Fold, One Shepherd—

By Ernest H. Peatfield. Published by The E. M. Lohmann Co., 413-417

Sibley St., Saint Paul, Minn. Single copy, \$.60.

The Padre of the Press—

Recollections of Rev. John J. Monahan, S.J., by Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. The story of a zealous American missionary who in three years attained to a comprehensive grasp of the urgent Filipino problem, spending health and energies, and finally life itself in his labors for souls. Published by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. Single copy, \$1.50

After Forty Years—

The English text of the Encyclical Letter on Labor of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. The English text here presented follows that which appeared in "The New York Times", May 24, 1931. Published by the Barry Vail Corp., 19 Union Square, New York, N. Y. Single copy, \$.10.

The King's Steward—

The True Story of George Schumann. By George N. Lyons. Published for The Dujarie Institute, Notre Dame, Ind. Single copy, \$1.10.

Captain of His Soul—

By Alfred J. Barrett, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Single copy, 10c.

It's Not Worth It—

By Neil Boyton, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work Press. Single copy, 5c.

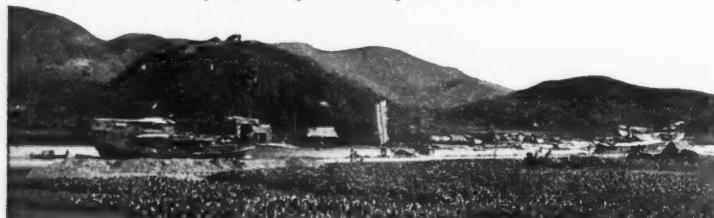


THE MARYKNOLL COLLEGE AT LOS ALTOS, CALIF., IS SITUATED IN BEAUTIFUL SANTA CLARA VALLEY. THIS VIEW SHOWS THE CHAPEL WING. ITS ARCHITECTURE PRESENTS A BLENDING OF THE STYLE OF THE OLD CALIFORNIA MISSIONS WITH SUGGESTIONS OF THE ORIENT

WILL YOU SUPPORT ONE AT \$15 A MONTH?

The Blind See

By Bishop James E. Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission



Mrs. Wong walked back along the path of the ferry which she did not mean to use. The rice was high with the grain just forming, and still green save where the tops were already brushed lightly with autumn's golden brown

MRS. WONG scowled. Her wrinkled old face at its best was far removed from anything approaching physical beauty, and at its worst, as it now was, that seamed mask was truly formidable. Her frown was entirely wasted this morning, however; it might as well have been expended on the desert air. It was called into being by the sight of a group of old women, not unlike herself, who were tottering along *Hope Alley*, feeling their way to *St. Anne's Home*. They were returning from their daily march to the church, a few doors further down.

They did not see the frown directed at them; they did not see anything, in fact, except what the eyes of their faith discerned in their daily communion with the Light of the World—they were the blind women of the Mission. Yet Mrs. Wong scowled at them for her own satisfaction, and even added certain sniffings and mutterings, as the old blind women filed past her door. "Humph! Eating foreigners' rice," she ejaculated to herself. "Such vagabonds. Truly such people ought to be ashamed."

She never added any reason. She did not know any. She only knew that she herself had plenty of rice to eat, without being beholden to strangers. She felt the natural contempt of the person in a secure position for those less fortunate. Besides, there was something particularly craven in accepting support from foreigners. She did not know the reason for this, either, ex-

cept that everybody said so. But what she lacked in philosophical apprehension, she made up in intensity of conviction. She had no use for *St. Anne's Home*, the decrepit and blind who inhabited it, nor the foreign Sisters who looked after it. Its existence was an offense to some innate feeling that she associated with her dignity as a Chinese matron.

Mary Lau—

"Have you eaten morning rice yet, Madame Wong?" said a cheery voice. Mrs. Wong looked around. Her frown relaxed, and her face brightened, as she recognized little Mary Lau. She liked Mary Lau. True, she attended the Sisters' school. But Mary came from her own native village of Pak Kwan, and always addressed her as Madame, as if she were the wife of a mandarin instead of the widow of a defunct carpenter.

"Not worthy," replied the old lady, putting on something approaching a smile. "Have not yet eaten. You do not ascend to class yet, eh?" The old lady had her politeness for those she liked. Suddenly, however, she forgot it. "What are you doing leading that old blind hag? Let them alone. No good. Otherwise wouldn't be depending on foreigners' charity."

Mary smiled a very sweet smile. She knew her friend's opinion of the Mission. "This one is so helpless," she replied. "She has not been here long, and does not know her way like the rest. Sometimes she blunders into the wrong house, and the people strike her. I'm only waiting for school to begin,

so I thought I'd help her a little."

"Well," said Mrs. Wong, somewhat mollified, "you are always kind to people. I did not know we had such persons on this street who would strike the poor things. That is not good." Mrs. Wong even began to feel a little indignant. She had her own code. She was a good hater, but an honorable and dignified one. Mary, with another little smile, left her to complete her errand of mercy.

Changed Circumstances—

The years bring their changes. It took only a few more of them to bring many to Mrs. Wong. Had she only realized it, her position had never been any too secure. She had only one son, an energetic young man by whom the clan set considerable store. She held the place of an important matron in her capacity as his mother. But it was, after all, a slender reed—and it broke. The son died, and left no child. The blow was sudden and stunning, and in its consequences truly appalling. Bitterly she asked herself why she had not counted on this contingency before.

Dazed by natural sorrow, she was soon also horrified at reflecting on her own position. Her only son gone, and without having left any children! Her daughter-in-law was a good little soul; always very filial and devoted. But what did that signify, when she had not presented the family with a single son? Why hadn't she insisted on her son's taking a second wife? Too late now. Her only link was gone, and with its going she herself reverted to a little less than nothing; a grandmother with no children nor children's children. Useless to think of the clan retaining an interest in her.

Her own people in Pak Kwan would probably do nothing for her, either. There was only her younger brother with his family left in the old house; they had enough to do to look after themselves. She had nothing in her own right. The daughter-in-law was so young that the clan would undoubtedly sell her off again in marriage, and that would leave her without even a friend.

A Ray of Hope—

It did not take very long for Mrs. Wong to come to a typically Chinese

conclusion. The river was left. She thought it over calmly. It commended itself to her as a very neat solution.

But a last straw struck her. Would it be worth while, after all, to appeal to her brother's family? It was a slight ray of hope, but she did not deceive herself. The chances were against it. Even if they took her in, would her position be an enviable or even a possible one? Probably not. She dallied with the pros and cons.

A visit to Pak Kwan had its own appeal. It was the home of her birth; there she had grown up, helping her mother to gather the firewood from the hillside, and dancing up to greet her father as he came home from his fields. They were both dead and gone now, only her brother was left. But perhaps it was worth a trial. She would go to Pak Kwan. It would be worth seeing again. Her brother would scarcely want to take her in, but in any case there was the river. She would go, and let fate decide.

The Sentence—

As soon as she entered the compound of her old home, she knew her sentence. Her brother bustled to greet her with the most effusive welcome, while the women folk greeted her coldly, and the children ignored her. The handwriting is on the wall, she told herself at once; my brother is too nice, and the others not nice enough. He is preparing for a refusal, and they know it.

She rested a bit, sipping her tea. No thank you, she had eaten morning rice before she left home. Her brother was all solicitude, but she read her doom in his oily phrases.

"What a pity our nephew has rejected the world," he said sympathetically. "But although his phoenix chariot has flown afar, he left behind him the brilliant perfume of completed virtue. What a consolation to you that you married into such a fine family as the Wongs. A powerful clan—"

He hesitated, while Mrs. Wong mentally completed the sentence for him, "And well able to take care of its own."

She rose, and said she must be returning home. He took her to the gate.

"And whenever we can do anything for you, just let us know," were his parting words.

The River Bank—

It was not far to the river bank on that brilliant October morning. Mrs. Wong walked back along the path to the ferry which she did not mean to use. The soft morning wind from the west cupped itself in her palms, as if to pull her along to some rendezvous of its own for sportive play. The rice was high with the grain just forming, and still green save where the tops were already brushed lightly with autumn's golden brown.

She diverged from the ferry path, and made her way to the river bank. The river was bright and sparkling. Would it be easy? She wondered. Not hurried now, she sat down to rest a space. Plenty of time for what she had to do. In a way it seemed easy. Just to sink down in the gently flowing stream, and all would be well.

Yet, somehow it seemed good to be alive. As she sat and looked around, old associations awoke. She had herded her father's water buffaloes up and down that river bank as a girl. How often she had played here, frolicking along the rice paths, dodging in and out of the mulberry patches. There was the old banyan tree where she had found her first bird's nest, and mar-

velled so at the tiny speckled eggs that she was afraid even to touch. Yes, they were pleasant days, she thought.

And then the final day when, very much afraid but half pleased at the unwonted feeling of importance, she had ridden out along this very path in the red chair that meant her goodbye to the simple village life of Pak Kwan. Married life had been different. Living in the city had had its own cares and worries. Soon the old ties had faded. And now life in the city was over, too, and this was the end. Funny, to end up this way. But there was nothing left.

A Familiar Song—

Suddenly, she started. She could hear voices. It would not do to be found here, she thought. She restrained an impulse to throw herself in the waters before anybody might stumble upon her and divine her purpose. "Still, nobody will notice me here," she reflected. "And who would want to stop me, if they did?" she added with sudden bitterness.

The voices came more clearly now. What was it? Somebody was singing. Somehow there was something a little familiar about the refrain. Where had



MARYKNOLL SISTERS WITH SCHOOLGIRLS AND WOMEN OF THE FLOCK IN "HOPE ALLEY", YEUNGKONG, SOUTH CHINA. IN THE BACKGROUND, NEAR THE DOORWAY, IS ONE OF THE "GRANDMOTHERS" FROM ST. ANNE'S HOME

she heard those words before? "*Ave, Ave, Shing Mo Ma Lei Ah*", came the soft refrain over the sunlit autumn field. "Ma Lei Ah", she repeated to herself, "Why, that was the little Lau girl's name that used to be at the foreigners' Mission. That's the song I used to hear her singing sometimes around our alley."

She looked up. She could make out a group of people approaching; four or five of them. Where had she seen those white dresses before? Now they came on, winding slowly through the field, the white habits standing out against the waving grain. For an instant she thought it was a vision from another world, and something stirred in her afflicted but brave old heart.

"*Ave, Ave, Shing Mo Ma Lei Ah*," She was right; it was Mary Lau's name. But it was also the name of another Mary; a Mary who is a star of hope to the distressed and afflicted. And these were the daughters of Mary, gleaners for her Divine Son in that far-flung field.

They were nearer now; she looked closer. "Oh, it's those foreign Sisters." She came back to earth with a snap. She started up, and wanted to run. But they were upon her now, and the song broke off as they started back in surprise where they had almost stumbled over the old lady.

**I a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.**

An Invitation—

The group was about to apologize and pass on, but one Sister glanced closer at the bent old form that looked somehow vaguely familiar. "Don't we know her?" she whispered to a Chinese girl in the party.

"That's Mrs. Wong who lives in our alley, don't you remember?" was the reply. "Better not say much to her; she does not like us much, you know," she added.

But Sisters can scent distress, and their suspicions were aroused. Respectable Chinese ladies do not sit on river banks for no reason. They began to question the old lady.

The responses were hesitating, but not the cold finalities of the Mrs. Wong of old. A Divine Teacher had been at work completing her education. It had been hard work, for she was not an apt pupil. It had needed the stern lessons that only that Teacher can impart. It had entailed blow upon blow and cross upon cross, but it had battered down the last defenses. It had taken everything, that it might give everything.

"We are going to see Mary Lau," the Sisters were saying. This is the full month for her first baby, and we

are going to the banquet. Don't you remember she married in Pak Kwan village last year?"

Mrs. Wong was interested. "Mary Lau that used to be at your Mission? Married name of Hong, didn't she? Yes, I heard about it." . . . She hesitated. "She wouldn't remember me."

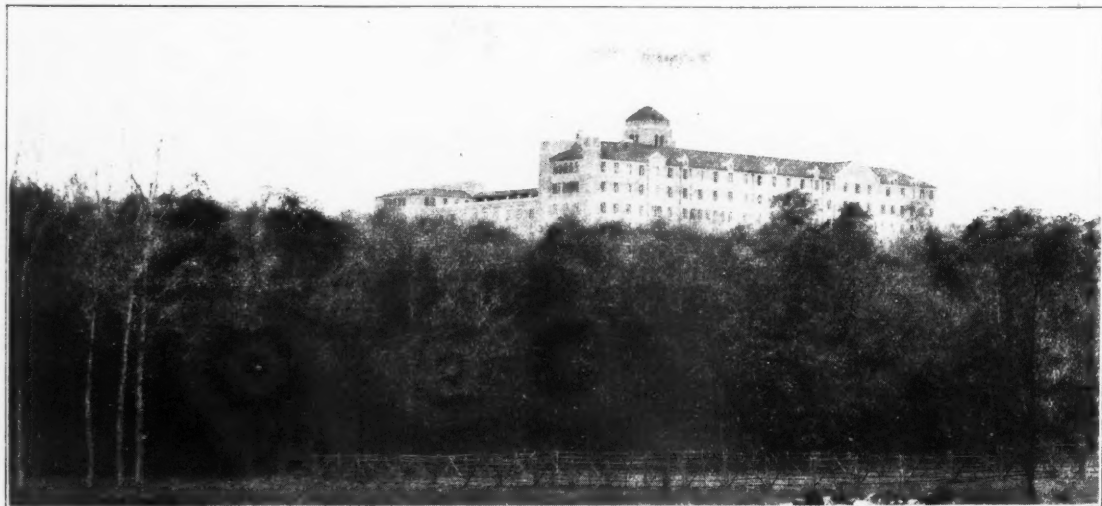
"Of course, she does. You must come along with us. We're going to have a big banquet—sea flavors, and everything. Come on." They started off, half pushing the only half reluctant old lady.

Things Are Settled—

"Might as well go," she thought to herself. "Mary Lau will be nice to me. I have plenty of time to settle things afterwards."

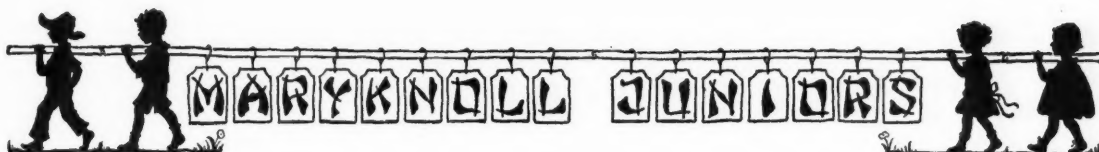
But things were already settled for Mrs. Wong. For, between Mary Lau, the Sisters, and the sea flavors, Mrs. Wong soon felt a different person. Mary wormed the last secret out of her. And, when she returned to the city that night, she had found a new home in the *St. Anne's Home* that she once despised.

"Well," she said to Mary as she left. "to think that my own people would leave me like this, and strangers would take me in. I never knew what those blind women saw in the place. I was the one that was blind."



A REAR VIEW OF THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' NEW MOTHER-HOUSE, AS SEEN FROM A NEIGHBORING ESTATE

HAVE YOU SAMPLED OUR BOOKSHELF?



About Babies and the Baby Drive



LOST IN THOUGHT. ARE YOU
OUR FRIENDS?

HAS anyone ever told you why there are so many babies in China who have no homes and are starving?

Most people think that Chinese mothers do not love their children and give this for the reason. This is not true. Chinese mothers, as a rule, are just as human as our mothers and love their little ones. But they are so very poor that often they have no food for them. Some years it is the failure of crops that causes their great poverty; other years the heavy rains make the rivers overflow their banks and flooding the country wash all the poor little homes away. Many of these mothers are wise and bring their babies to the Sisters, who will give them



CHINESE NURSIE HAS HER
HANDS FULL. WILL YOU
TAKE ONE?

care and shelter; others leave them at the pagan orphanage or somewhere on the roadside hoping that a plaintive hungry cry will find it food and shelter.

Our Lord must love these homeless waifs very dearly. He himself found "no room in the Inn" when He came to earth on *Life's Birthday*. He lived and died that all might live eternally. His first Apostles were simple fishermen; His missionary apostles today are only humble instruments whose success in quest of souls proves His Divinity and the right of all souls to be *Heirs of Heaven*. But



YOUR MITE WOULD DRY HIS
TEARS

"Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."

missioners cannot carry on Christ's work alone. They need the support of those who are called to stay at home.

It does not cost much to keep one child—but the Sisters have many—and would have more if friends in the Homeland would help them buy rice and clothes for the little mites.

Five dollars supports a baby for a year.

BOOST THE BABY DRIVE!



SEE—WE DON'T CRY ANY MORE.
LITTLE FRIENDS ACROSS THE
SEA ARE SUPPORTING US NOW

Juniors, would you make Mother Mary a worth-while gift during May? Surely she will rejoice if your little sacrifices would make it possible for more precious baby souls in Chinaland to know and call her Mother.

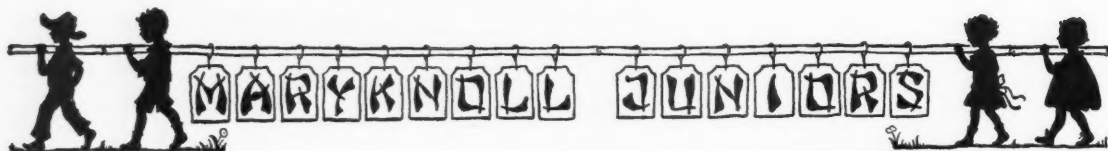
A very beautiful prize is going to the school that supports the most babies during April and May.

Baby lying in your basket
Destitute, forlorn you cry—
Only one of countless other
Little ones without a Mother's
Love or lullaby.

Baby, small and very helpless,
We will save our pennies bright
And will send them to the *Shan-foo*.
He will rescue and baptize you
To a child of Light.

Little infant, lie contented,
Juniors from across the sea
Buying bowls of steaming rice,
will
Help you purchase Paradise.
Slumber peacefully!





DEAR JUNIORS:

What are you going to do for the missions this month?

Our Lady's month is coming very soon and I wish to suggest an offering to her.

As with every missionary, a Junior loves Mother Mary and longs to share his Treasure, Christ's last gift from the Cross, with all mankind.

Pagan children too should have Our Lady for their Mother. Wouldn't you like to help, in a real direct way, this month and next, by giving Our Lady a very precious gift at the close of May?

I have written all about this Junior Campaign on the foregoing page. Read it and then work harder than ever.

Hopefully,

Father Chin



Junior Clubs

The Juniors at the Maryknoll School in Honolulu wrote:

We are the Juniors of the Sixth Grade. We have formed a Mission Club which we call the *Little Flower of Jesus Mission Club*. Last year we prayed especially for Korea. This year we are praying for the Dairen Mission in Manchuria. We are enclosing a copy of a Spiritual Bouquet sent to Dairen. *Hours of Silence* 2470; *Visits* 1382; *Prayers* 18144; *Sacrifices* 1551.

Last month we told you that Frances Jost of Lawrence, Mass., had organized a Junior Club. Since then Father Chin has received ten dollars from the Club.

The new officers of the Club are: Claire Nolan, Pres.; Claire Dempsey, Treas.; Madeline Harrington, Sec.

A Junior Club in Cleveland,

Ohio, wrote:

Our Club, The Maryknoll Nimble Finger Workers, has collected five dollars by dues and the raffling of small articles. With this money we want to buy a baby girl. We have collected clothes for her which you may already have received.



Junior News

Five dollars for a Barbara Ann came from the Second Grade girls of Our Lady of Lourdes School in New York.

Andrew Burns, Pittsburgh, Pa., saved two dollars for the Chinese babies.

The father of some active Juniors in Portland, Oregon, wrote:

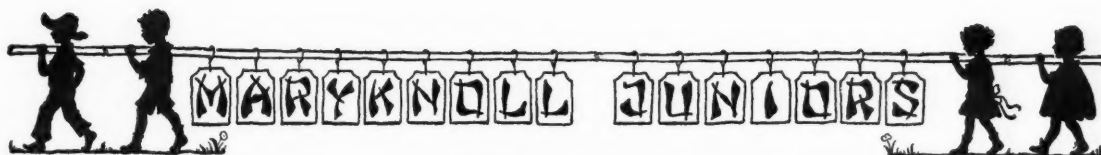
I enclose my check for five dollars sixty cents which my children Genevieve, Dorothy, Joe, and Mary saved in their mite box for the missions.

JUNIORS, open your Geographies to the map of Asia Minor. Find Palestine. Look to the north and find Nazareth where the Boy Christ lived and "advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace, with God and men".

While looking at Nazareth pause a moment and reflect; you are the age the Boy Christ was when He lived in Nazareth. You can run errands as Christ did for His Mother; you can help Dad as Christ helped Saint Joseph in the carpenter shop. You can play with your fellows as Christ played with His, with all fairness and brotherly love. You can do all things with the same motive that animated Christ—that more pagan souls may learn to know God.

Juniors, close your Geographies. Say a little prayer to the Boy Christ and ask Him to give some child in the field afar the privilege of knowing the Boy Christ, as you do.

PROCURE LIFE AND SALVATION



The prize-winners for the puzzle in the January issue are: First, Helen White, *Wakefield, Mass.*; Second, Elizabeth Rafferty, *Philadelphia, Pa.*; Third, Murray Longfellow, *Miami, Calif.* Honorable Mention, Mary Warren, *Cincinnati, Ohio*; Edwin Patterson, *Superior, Wis.*; Ann Feeney, *Pater-son, N. J.*

GROUP PUZZLES

Our faithful mission friends and prize puzzlers of Villa Duchesne, *St. Louis, Mo.*, have submitted the best Group Puzzles. Father Chin and Johnny Junior were delighted with the lovely crayon work.

The records of the many prayers and sacrifices of the Minims that come to us so often must be helping many a poor missionary carry on in the field afar.

Johnny says:

Are all your plans made for that trip to Maryknoll?

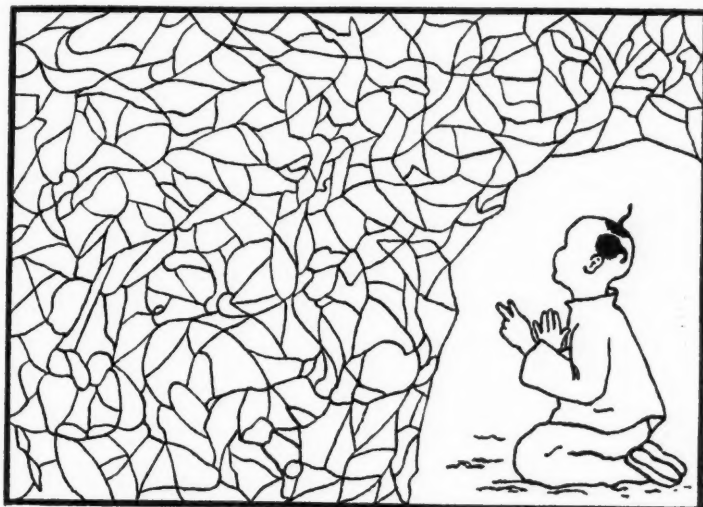
HONOR ROLL

*Powers Quartet
Portland, Ore.*

*Fitch Juniors
Coronado, Calif.*

*Koelbel Trio
Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.*

*Reed Juniors
Plainfield, N. J.*



Did you ever visit a Chinese farmyard? Just peek in here and see how many of our farmyard friends you can find.

ORIGINAL PUZZLES

Many a little Junior puzzled well but the Junior Missionary Club of Assumption School, *Hibbing, Minn.*, received the prize for the best Original Puzzle. Ann Reyman, *New York City*, and John Wilson, *Pittsfield, Mass.*, received Honorable Mention.



BANNER AWARD

The St. Isaac Jogues Mission Club of the Maryknoll School, *Punahou, Honolulu*, received the treasured Banner Award. These Fifth Graders have worked very hard during the past year. This is a copy of the last Spiritual Bouquet we received from them:

Masses	399
Communions	263
Visits	2114
Rosaries	703
Stations	46
Ejaculations	29696
Hours of Silence	4307

Maryknoll Picture Story Contest No. 2.

The Juniors have been having a busy time so far and now it's Father Chin's turn.

Many stories have been submitted but the winners have not as yet been chosen.

Colored folders and ribbons have given some of the stories an attractive appearance.

Watch for the prize winner next month!



Choir boys of St. Cecelia's, Brooklyn, N. Y., visited Maryknoll with their teachers, the Christian Brothers

FOR DESTITUTE BABIES IN CHINA.

The Students' Page

(The letter printed below is one of a series bearing on the mission vocation. They were not written for publication, and identification marks have been deleted—but they are true stories and as such the more interesting. Ed.)

HOW IT CAME

I AM the second oldest of eight children and received my early education from the priests and Sisters. I served on the altar and always cherished the hope that one day I too would be a priest. This desire was encouraged and fostered by the priests and Sisters as well as by my parents.

I was not quite fourteen years when I entered a Preparatory College to study for the priesthood. Although I had read *THE FIELD AFAR* and heard mission talks I had no thought of the foreign missions for myself at this time.

During the summer I met two Maryknoll seminarians who told me much. The following week a talk was given in the school hall by a Maryknoll Father. I thought about Maryknoll during the remainder of the year and finally decided to ask my parents if I could join. They discouraged me, saying that I was too young to decide, so I remained in College for two years. I was then advised to work for a year and get a taste of what I thought was freedom. This I did to the dismay of my parents and pastor. The first year at work was fine; no worries, shows and enjoyment. But during the next year I began to wonder what all this would get me and I wanted to be back on the right road.

There were difficulties to overcome—but they disappeared, I am thankful to say.

First Days of a Maryknoll Academy

THE Maryknoll Sisters have opened in Dairen a school for Russian children—rather an international school. One of the Sisters writes as follows:

By the time we had washed off the

evidences of our unintellectual preparations, the doors of the Maryknoll Academy formally opened with a bang—and they have been banging ever since.

Preparations had been made for a maximum enrollment of thirty pupils. Forty arrived plus their parents and their cousins and their uncles and their aunts—as also a goodly supply of men-servants and maid-servants.

All were ushered into the *middle-sized* class room, where as one of the big children afterwards wrote, "Sister Peter examined all the children and divided them into three parts."

Thus was the division effected—the big children who had attained a fourth grade knowledge of English and up, to the senior division—the wee children who knew no English, to the primary division, and all the rest to the junior division. The English ability in this group ranges from an impenetrable indifference to all things English, to an appalling interest on the part of the several mothers who are enrolled.

After Sister Peter's gruesome division the children were sent home and the teachers had an opportunity to examine their domain.

The building is an *Eurasian one*—that is, it has an occidental exterior and an oriental interior. The gray stone exterior is a shell. The interior is merely incidental. The walls can be put in or taken out whenever and wherever convenient. They are of two kinds—Japanese framed tissue paper and Japanese screens. They are very pleasing to look at and we love to have them. However, we have since learned that oriental houses were not built for occidentals. Not a day passes that something does not happen to the walls. One falls down, another is blown down; Vladimir Kormilzeff pushes his hand through one; Ludmila Dashitsky tears another by catching a pin in it, etc.

Whether it is the combination of nationalities (there are Russians, Poles, Jews, Americans and Armenians), the climate of Dairen, or the natural good health of the children we believe there has never been assembled in one house such abounding vitality.

Most of the children had never been to school before and are not blessed with any of that formidable self-consciousness or stunted curiosity that schools are supposed to generate.

Before the bewildered teachers had gotten their bearings in the human vortex in which they had been plunged, the student body had constituted itself



MARYKNOLL ACADEMY, DAIREN MANCHURIA

The student body is an international combination of Russians, Poles, Jews, Americans and Armenians

PRAYERS, ALMS AND VOCATIONS FOR THE MISSIONS.

Maryknoll Sponsors

lord of all it surveyed. Even now, after several weeks we recall those first days with bated breath.

SOME of the Circles may have interesting and unusual ways of raising funds, and we should like to know about them, so that we may pass the word along. What is your Circle doing in this line?

The *Mary Ann Circle*, of Lafayette, Indiana, celebrated this year its tenth anniversary—a decade of generous service.

Since this anniversary coincided with the thirtieth wedding anniversary of its foundress, the Circle had a joint celebration consisting of a Mission Card Party, which was a great success.

And here's a suggestion for other party givers: one of the prizes was a subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*.

The *Little Flower Circle*, of Oakland, Calif., sponsors a student, and secures the necessary funds by means of monthly card parties and luncheons at the home of each member in turn. The season is wound up with a big party and luncheon at the home of the secretary.

The latter writes that her Chinese butcher donated a fine large ham, which she raffled, realizing a tidy sum.

Another unusual thing, we are told, is that one of the members of the Circle is a non-Catholic, but she is as enthusiastic and generous as the rest.

The letter ends with: *You can't imagine how much fun we have, and we can hardly wait for the month to fly around for the next meeting.*

The following is from our Bishop Walsh in China: *The Church supplies that you so generously sent have finally given out, and I am surrounded by requests for everything, from albs to altars, but the cupboard is bare. My most pressing needs are ciboriums, albs, and altar linens. Will you therefore kindly put me on your list for a few of these articles?*

We present this request, confident

that it will receive the usual prompt and generous response.

We are grateful to the *Maris Stella Circle*, of Brooklyn, and to the *Mary Circle*, of Bloomfield, N. J., for substantial "stringless" gifts—the kind that are doubly welcome.

Checks have been recently received for the support of native catechists from *Saint Blase Circle*, of San Francisco; *Saint Francis Xavier Circle*, of Detroit; the *Chi Rho Circle*, of Des Moines, Iowa; the *Maria Mission Circles*, numbers 1 and 3, of Pittsburgh; and the *Mary Ann Circle*, of Lafayette, Indiana. The latter Circle also sponsors a native seminarian.

Saint Robert's Circle, of Newark, N. J., is having a series of small card parties at the homes of some of the members. As this Circle is a small one, its members find this the best way to raise funds to sponsor a native catechist.

Here's a suggestion for your next card party—we have some very attrac-

If you do not wish to be bothered with annual payments, send, within the space of two years, fifty dollars, and you will receive *The Field Afar* during your life.

tive bound books on various interesting mission subjects, and these would make splendid prizes. Consult the Director, who will be glad to quote prices.

THANKSGIVINGS

PLEASE publish in *THE FIELD AFAR* a thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to St. Anne, to the Poor Souls, and especially to St. Jude Thaddeus.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Enclosed are two checks, sent in thanksgiving to the Little Flower for a special favor. Please also have said one Mass for the Holy Souls for the same intention.—*Tenafly, N. J.*

Some time ago I entered several cash prize advertising contests, and promised Our Blessed Mother, St. Therese, and Blessed Théophane Vénard that if I won anything I would contribute ten per cent of the amount to foreign missions. My prayers were generously rewarded, and I am sending the enclosed check in fulfillment of my promise.—*Marquette, Michigan.*



OUR LADY, QUEEN OF PURGATORY CIRCLE, IN LOS ANGELES, CALIF., HAS DONE MUCH FOR THE MISSION CAUSE

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY HAS MANY ADVANTAGES.

Backing Christ's Athletes



Michael You, all-Korean quarter back, inspires confidence among those who are "in the know" at Fr. Stephen Hannon's (late of the Bronx) mission in Hiken, Korea. Our athletes of Christ, our young missionaries, have likewise found friends ready to back them in a greater and more vital contest—where immortal souls are at stake

STRINGLESS Gifts—a convincing proof of confidence in this work for God and souls! A far-flung and constantly growing organization such as Maryknoll has a thousand and one needs, most of which are known only to those directing the Society. The donor of the *Stringless Gift* enables us to relieve some of the more pressing needs which do not otherwise come to the attention of **FIELD AFAR** readers.

This vital help to Maryknoll came recently from friends in New York City; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Los Altos, Calif.; Hot Springs, Ark.; Neponset, Mass.; and Forest Hills, Boston, Mass.

A generous donation for the *Support of Native Catechists* in two of our mission fields was received from a benefactor in St. Paul, Minn.

Maryknoll Missioners in fields afar were remembered by apostolic partners in Boston whom we were not able to thank personally, since they preferred that their generosity should be known only to the Shepherd of those "other sheep that are not of the Fold".

Investments in *Maryknoll Annuities*

were made by friends in Los Angeles, Calif.; Seattle, Wash.; and Hollywood, Calif.

Notable additions to *Maryknoll Burses* came from New York City and Duluth, Minn.

A benefactor in Albion, N. Y., gave us generous financial aid in the training of a *Future Apostle*.

A gift for the purchase of *Statues of Our Blessed Lady and Saint Joseph* was received through the *Propagation of the Faith* Office in Boston.

Bishop Walsh of our Kongmoon field in South China will be able to ransom from paganism twenty-two *Chinese Little Ones* through the zeal for souls of a friend in New York City.

A *Chinese Seminarian* of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria has cause for much gratitude to a mission-lover in Los Angeles, Calif.

Our *Vénard School of Apostles* has again benefited by the generosity of a member of this country's hierarchy.

A friend in Riverdale, N. Y., secured a *Memorial Room* in our Major Seminary. The time is not far distant when the privilege of securing *Student Memorial Rooms* at Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson will no longer be available, as all but a few have now been taken.

Five *Wills* matured in favor of Maryknoll last month, and we received word of a remembrance of our work in eight others.

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Incorporated.

Give both to your lawyer.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD

WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. A. Meuwese; Rt. Rev. Msgr. D. W. Lynch; Rev. H. J. Schuer; Rev. H. F. Curtin; Rev. W. F. Meehan; Rev. J. O'Reilly; Sister M. Ludvine; Sr. Mary of St. Augustine Bryne; Sr. M. Peter; Sr. Mary of St. Francis de Sales; Dr. P. F. Graham; Augustus Haushalter; Wm. Crimmins; John Kiernan; Wm. Storch; Lucian J. Kelley; Elizabeth Lehn; Mrs. K. Waite; C. McNamara; Mrs. Delia Leamy; Mrs. B. McKeon; Mary A. Morgan; Joseph O'Brien; Mrs. Bamson; Mrs. M. O'Halloran; Mrs. Mary Quirk; Helen Devers; Josephine Flanagan; Mary Lynagh; Teresa Strasser; Peter McCall; John P. Smith; Mrs. M. Fleming; J. L. Smith; Robert L. Donahoe; D. T. Crowley; E. A. Flanagan; Mrs. Mary McGoldrich; Joseph Degnan; Ellen Calnan; Caroline Montag; Joseph Ward; Mary T. Sullivan; Mrs. Amelia Barette; W. F. Bell; Agnes M. Schnecke; Mary C. Page; James H. Dolan; E. J. Casey.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 2; B. F. B.; J. F. M.; J. R. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. H.; Mrs. W. F. P. and Relatives; C. G.; M. H.; L. H.; M. McG.; M. J. McN. and Relatives; M. McG.; M. C.; S. G.; B. G.; M. B.; A. N.; L. C.; O. K. and Relatives; M. G. M. and Family; M. E. T. and Relatives; J. O'D.; M. E. C.; A. C. K.; S. W.; M. C. and Relatives; Relatives of M. E. W.; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. W.; B. T. W. and Relatives; J. N. L.; M. M. and Relatives; M. L. and Relatives; R. B. K.; R. W.; M. N.; Mrs. J. E. Van F. and Relatives.

Deceased: The deceased of the Sheehan Family; Anthony J. Lydon; The deceased of the Lee Family; John H. Doyle; The deceased relatives of M. H. C.; Josephine F. Cummings; John and Margery O'Donnell; Patrick M. and Mary H. Byrnes; Elizabeth Semas; Annie McDonald.

MARYKNOLL BENEFACTORS KNOW THAT

MAY GOD fill you with His love and keep you in His grace. Resign yourself to His holy will to suffer whatever it may please Him to send you and for as long a time as it may please Him; that is the great lesson which our Divine Master teaches us; and they who learn it thoroughly and engrave it frequently on their hearts are in the highest class in the school of Jesus Christ.

(St. Vincent de Paul)

STUDENT BURSES

A bursar is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY (\$5,000 each)

C. C. W. BURSE OF THE FIVE WOUNDS (Reserved).....	\$4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursar.....	4,200.00
St. Anne Bursar.....	4,073.83
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursar.....	4,050.00
St. Anthony Bursar.....	4,049.13
St. Francis of Assisi Bursar, No. 1.....	4,000.00
S. & E. W. Bursar.....	4,000.00
Cure of Ars Bursar.....	3,733.35
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursar.....	3,601.44
N. M. Bursar.....	3,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Bursar, No. 2.....	3,000.00
Pius X Bursar.....	2,853.30
Bishop Molloy Bursar.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Bursar.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Bursar.....	2,751.85
St. Michael Bursar.....	2,500.00
Marywood College Bursar.....	2,425.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursar.....	2,256.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursar.....	2,246.63
Duluth Diocese Bursar.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Bursar.....	2,101.00
St. Dominic Bursar.....	1,900.19
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursar.....	1,834.75
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Bursar.....	1,729.06
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America Bursar.....	1,473.28
St. Agnes Bursar.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummy Bursar of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill.....	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Bursar.....	1,389.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Bursar.....	1,137.10
St. John Baptist Bursar.....	1,077.11
Manchester Diocese Bursar.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Bursar.....	919.65
Sacred Heart Seminary Bursar.....	850.00
St. Rita Bursar.....	771.65
Children of Mary Bursar.....	654.70
St. Lawrence Bursar.....	650.25
St. Bridget Bursar.....	600.70
Holy Family Bursar.....	576.25
St. Joseph Bursar, No. 2.....	556.20
St. Joan of Arc Bursar.....	501.61
The Holy Name Bursar.....	470.65
St. Louis Archdiocese Bursar.....	430.00
St. Jude Bursar.....	388.25
St. John B. de la Salle Bursar.....	269.00
All Saints Bursar.....	260.78
Rev. George M. Fitzgerald Bursar.....	233.00
St. John Berchmans Bursar.....	201.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Bursar.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Bursar.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Bursar.....	150.00
St. Peter Bursar.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Bursar.....	100.00

WANG, A FISHER OF MEN



OLD Dr. Wang can hold his own with scholars and high officials. He is himself no mean expounder of the classics. But his immense respect for the Catholic priesthood makes him consider it a privilege to do the missionaries' marketing.

This staunch old Christian, however, renders the Maryknollers in fields afar a greater service than bringing home the fish from the market. He is a fisher of men. The pagan who becomes entangled in the net of Dr. Wang's zeal and persuasive eloquence has little chance of not being finally landed in the Bark of St. Peter.

What will provide the sustenance of a Chinese fisherman of Christ? He requires \$15 monthly to supply his simple wants and enable him to go about his Master's service.

FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES (\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursar (Reserved).....	4,500.00
"C" Bursar II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursar.....	1,726.80
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Bursar.....	1,231.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursar.....	1,000.00
Our Lady's Circle Bursar (Los Altos).....	700.00
St. Michael Bursar.....	693.32
St. Aloysius Bursar.....	655.50
Archbishop Hanna Bursar (Los Altos).....	444.95
St. Philomena Bursar.....	215.00
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Bursar.....	136.30
Holy Ghost Bursar.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Bursar.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Bursar.....	112.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE.....	1,300.00
Little Flower Bursar.....	1,231.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursar.....	1,218.00
SS. Ann and John Bursar.....	1,200.00
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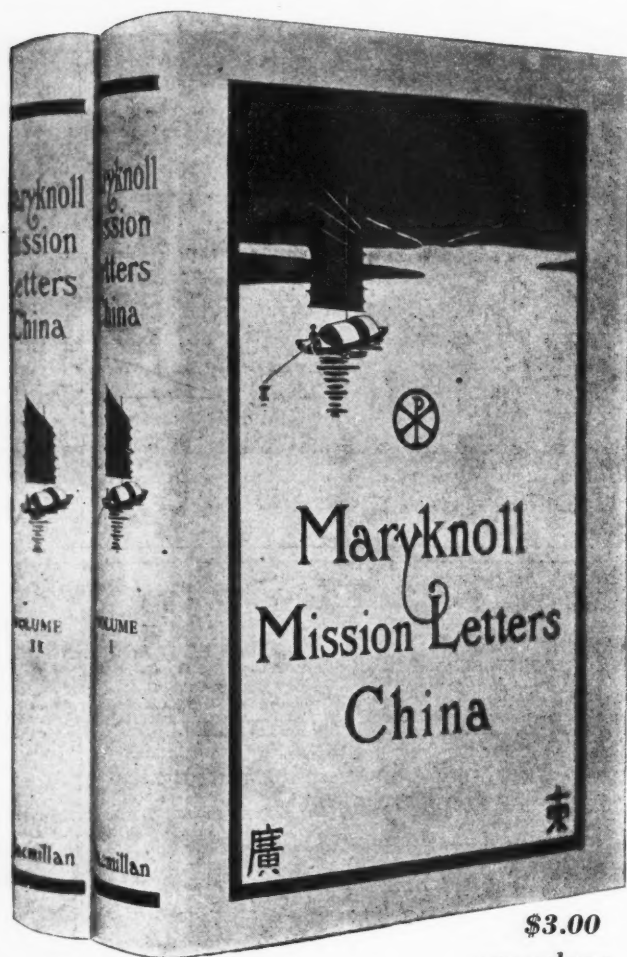
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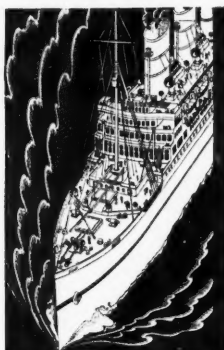
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